

NOTES & QUERIES

FOR

SOMERSET AND DORSET

EDITED BY

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AND

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*16 Melcombe Avenue, Weymouth, Dorset DT4 7TH**"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out".*

HERRICK.

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CONTRIBUTIONS are invited on the history, architecture, archaeology, genealogy and folklore of Somerset and Dorset, including industrial history and archaeology. The Editors welcome copies of or extracts from MSS. or other records, as well as queries on matters of like interest. All communications, preferably typewritten, should be sent to one or other of the Editors. Contributors wishing to have spare copies of the parts containing their communications must inform the Editors when sending them in. The charge will be 60p each.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS

The Editorial Committee would like to increase the number of subscribers (at present 450), and suggest that readers might use the enclosed leaflet to recruit new members. Such an increase would ensure the continuance of the journal despite rising costs.

The Treasurer would urge subscribers who have not yet paid to do so promptly in order to avoid sending out reminders.

SOMERSET EDITOR'S NOTE.

SMALL TOWNS IN BRITAIN, 1600-1850. This project is being funded initially by the ESRC as part of a joint study of small towns in Britain and France, 1600-1850. Teams of collaborators are being established in both countries to help collect data and discuss the findings and they will have access to the national data for their own research. Population trends, economic developments and bibliography are being looked at in the first place. On population, both parish register and static population figures are being collected and this material will be put on the mainframe computer at Loughborough University. Special forms are available for collaborators, and other forms for collecting occupational data will be available shortly. A complete bibliography of published materials on small towns in Britain is to be produced and, again, forms are available. This data will be accessible on demand.

Collaborators are encouraged to link in the project with their own work on towns. Regular workshops are being held in London to pool ideas and discuss problems, and collaborators will have the opportunity of attending seminars and conferences. Anyone interested in participating should write to Peter Clark or Kathy Gaskin, Dept. of Econ. and Social History, Attenborough Building, University of Leicester, LE1 7RH. The local co-ordinators are A. J. Scrase, Bristol Polytechnic, Fishponds, Bristol, BS16 2JP, and Dr. Jonathan Barry of Exeter University.

Dorset towns are (*17c. and 1811*): Beaminster, Blandford, Bridport, Corfe Castle, Cranborne, Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe Regis, Poole, Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Sturminster Newton, Wareham, Weymouth and Wimborne Minster; (*17c. alone*): Abbotsbury, Cerne Abbas, Evershot, Frampton, Milton Abbas; (*marginals*): Bere Regis, Chideock, Whitchurch and Stalbridge (*17c.*) and Swanage (*1811*).

Somerset towns are (*17c. and 1811*): Bridgwater, Bruton, Chard, Crewkerne, Dulverton, Glastonbury, Ilminster, Minehead, S. Petherton, Watchet, Wellington, Wells, Wiveliscombe and Yeovil; (*17c. alone*): Axbridge, Bath, Dunster, Frome, Ilchester, Keynsham, Langport, N. Curry, N. Petherton, Norton St. Philip, Pensford, Porlock, Shepton Mallet, Somerton, Taunton, Wincanton and Wrington; (*1811 alone*): Castle Cary and Milverton; (*marginals*): Castle Cary, Chewton Mendip, Milborne Port, Stogumber and Nether Stowey (*17c.*) and Beckington, Chewton Mendip, Keynsham, Mells, N. Petherton and Somerton (*1811*).

DORSET EDITOR'S NOTE.

WILLIAM BARNES SOCIETY Founded in 1983, this Society provides a forum in which admirers of the Dorset poet can share fellowship and pleasure in his work. The Society's aims are those of promoting an interest in Barnes' work, and also of recording examples of Dorset dialect reading. Quarterly meetings are addressed by speakers, expeditions are organised to places of interest associated with the poet, and a Newsletter for members is circulated. To mark the centenary of Barnes' death, a Festival has been arranged for July and August, 1986. Details of membership and meetings can be obtained from Hon. Sec., Mr. F. Langford, 65A Buxton Road, Weymouth. DT4 9PL

274. WILLIAM BARNES: ANTIQUARIAN. The first biography of William Barnes was written by his daughter Lucy Baxter ('Leader Scott') and was published in 1887. She entitled the book *The Life of William Barnes: Poet and Philologist*.¹ Since that time Barnes has been regarded primarily as the author of poetry in the Dorset dialect and secondly as a prodigious philological scholar who brought his knowledge of over 70 languages to the defence of the Dorset dialect, arguing that it was 'purer' English than the 'dialect' spoken by the educated classes of Victorian England.

Despite the fact that Barnes's contribution to the study of the antiquities of Dorset and Somerset was an important one, Lucy Baxter devoted only two short sections of her book to recording them. Nevertheless, had his local fame as a poet and philologist been less, he would still be worthy of note as an important regional antiquarian in the nineteenth century. For this reason, it seems appropriate in the centenary year of his death to provide a brief survey of his work as an historian in the pages of *Notes & Queries*.

Barnes's antiquarian studies, however, must not be regarded as a separate interest from his poetry and philology. These three passions of his intellectual life comprise an integrated programme of evidence and argument designed to defend and celebrate the way of life practised by the yeoman class into which Barnes was born in the Blackmore Vale in 1801. His dialect poetry preserved Dorset speech and demonstrated its vigour and aptness; his philological studies provided an argument for the superiority and purity of that speech; his local history was undertaken very much in the light of an investigation into the origin of his own forebears (he was much given to the drawing of the Barnes family tree in his notebooks). His approach to historical studies was always primarily linguistic and it is significant that his book on *Ancient Britain and the Britons* bears the epigraph: 'To study

tribes without their speech/Is to grope for what our sight should teach'.²

While he was a young solicitor's clerk in Dorchester and in Mere (Wilts), he was in demand as a wood engraver to provide illustrations for books on local topography and history. In 1822 he engraved blocks for James Criswick's *Walk round Dorchester* depicting among other scenes Lulworth Castle, the Roman Amphitheatre at Dorchester and Maiden Castle. In 1827/8 he engraved blocks for John Rutter's *Delineations of Somerset*³ and followed that with engravings for Cassan's *Lives of the Bishops of Bath and Wells*. He also supplied illustrations for Savage's *History of Dorchester*, Clark's *Avalonian Guide* and Phelps's *History of Somerset*. For some time in the early 1820s, Barnes hoped to become a professional engraver but could not afford the training, and therefore turned to schoolmastering, which profession required no training at all. He gave up engraving in about 1844, perhaps because of the growing articular rheumatism in his hands. His depictions of the human form were somewhat naive and clumsy but those of houses, churches and monuments were often very effective and there is evidence that some local printers still used his woodcuts as late as the 1950s.

It was John Gough Nicholls, the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, who provided Barnes's antiquarian talents with a wider audience. Between June 1830 and February 1844, Barnes contributed 43 articles to the Magazine and 21 of these were historical in subject matter. He wrote about the Belgae, Aquitani and Centae, on Hieroglyphics, on Roman numerals and on the Peopling and Languages of Britain and Ireland. Many of the antiquarian papers were altogether more local in their concern, however, and he provided readers with careful descriptions of antiquities of the south-west of England, many of which were illustrated by his own woodcuts. The list includes Mere Church, Wiltshire; Thornhill Obelisk, Dorsetshire; Napper's Mite and the Judge's House, Dorchester; Fielding's House at East Stower and the Mansion at Puncknowle, Dorset. In these articles Barnes was concerned to make the most accurate of records of his ancient churches and monuments and is, in this way, a pioneer of the arts of patient historical observation and the recording of detail.

He was equally interested in folklore. As early as 1832 he contributed an article to *Hone's Year Book* under the title 'Some Dorset Folklore'.⁴ He wrote about the celebration of harvest home, of haymaking, matrimonial oracles, Midsummer Eve customs, the Peace Celebrations of 1814 and country fairs. He describes such old customs as lent-crocking in which boys, at Shrove-tide, went round the village pelting doors with broken crockery. Sometimes, in Dorset, the leader

of the gang would first knock at the door and speak a little rhyme:

'I be come a shrovin,
Vor a little pankiak,
A bit o' bread o' your biakin,
Or a little truckle chesse o' your own miakin,
If you'll gi' me a little, I'll ax no moore,
If you don't gi' me nothin, I'll rottle your door.'

His last publication on folklore was published in 1922, thirty-six years after his death. It is the posthumous 'Foresay' to Udall's *Dorsetshire Folklore*⁵ in which he gives a detailed account of children's games in pre-enclosure Dorset, of Christmas mummers, waits and yule-logs, of the festival customs of Shrovetide, Mayday, Whitsun and November 5th; of old Dorset proverbs (compared with those of the Ancient British, the Persians, Italians, Spanish and Russians!); of mottos, charms, symbols, witchcraft, game rhymes, 'wortlore' and herblore. Few writers can claim as Barnes might, that, for over ninety years, they had made contributions to the scholarship of folklore.

When the Great Western Railway route from London to Dorchester was projected in 1845, William Barnes became active in the defence of local antiquities from the ravages of the railway navvies. With the Rev. C. W. Bingham, he became a joint secretary to the newly-established Dorset County Museum. The president was Lord Ashley MP, and the secretary Herbert Williams.⁶ Barnes paid his 10/- subscription and added £1 as a donation (a great deal for a schoolmaster with a family). His more significant contribution, however, was the work he put into both the saving of local antiquities and the organisation of the Museum. He was instrumental in the lobbying which prevented the destruction of Maumbury Ring and also of Poundbury Camp. The former was preserved by diverting the proposed line of the railroad some yards to the south east, while Brunel was persuaded to tunnel under Poundbury. Meanwhile, Barnes was taking advantage of the railway excavations by escorting his classes of schoolboys on exhibitions to collect fossils turned up by the men. Many of these specimens found by his boys made their way eventually into the Museum collections. Barnes remained an active member of the Museum for the rest of his life and lived to attend the opening of the present building in 1884. He had, by then, also become a member of the Dorset Natural History & Antiquarian Field Club (founded 1875) and contributed papers to volumes I, III, IV, V and VI of its *Proceedings*. Volume VIII contains a useful obituary of Barnes by his old pupil, the Rev. Octavius Pickard Cambridge of Bloxworth.

For many years throughout the 1860s, 70s and 80s, no excavation nor meeting of the Antiquarian Field Club was

complete without Barnes and, even when increasing infirmity prevented him from making site visits, he still remained an avid reader of learned journals. By this time he had visited, recorded and sketched many of the important sites in Dorset and Somerset. Yet his insights into archaeology came as much from practical experience as from study. In early manhood, while at Mere, he had practised both wood turning and gardening, and these activities helped him to solve archaeological problems in after years. One problem concerned the so-called 'money' found in the shale deposits at Kimmeridge. These were small circular pieces of the rock which were assumed to be coinage from an ancient culture. While at Mere, however, Barnes had turned his own furniture legs on a lathe and was able to proclaim confidently that the pieces were not coins but 'waste pieces of stuff from the chuck of a lathe, used on the spot at some remote time, in the turning vessels or ornaments for which there was a considerable demand'.⁷ In the second case, Barnes was able to help a local dentist who had been engaged in examining the teeth of skeletons found in a barrow and was unable to identify a mass of hard brittle stuff found below the ribs in what would have been the colon area. Barnes remembered his gardening days at Mere and was able to pronounce the material to be undigested raspberry seeds. He proved his point by giving six of the seeds to a Dorchester gardener, Hartweg, who planted them and actually induced four of the seeds to grow.⁸

Despite this extraordinarily varied record as an antiquarian, it is right that Barnes's reputation is based chiefly upon his poetry. Yet this too is a contribution to his study of the past for, as his 'Dissertation' to his *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (1844) makes clear, he believed that, in recording the speech forms of Dorset life, he was engaged in a task of linguistic conservation. His *Glossary of the Dorset Dialect* (1886)⁹ is also a contribution to the preservation of the past and, together with the poems, forms a verbal museum, in which the lives, labour, customs and traditions of the Dorset peasantry of pre-enclosure days, may be recreated imaginatively in our own.

1. Baxter, L. ('Leader Scott'), *The Life of William Barnes: Poet and Philologist* (MacMillan, London, 1887).
2. Barnes, W. *Notes on Ancient Britain and the Britons* (J. R. Smith, London, 1858).
3. Vere L. Oliver, 'The Late Rev. William Barnes as Engraver', *Proceedings of the Dorset Natural History and Field Club*, 1925, pp. 101-112.
4. Barnes, Wm. *Some Dorset Folklore* (Toucan Press, 1969 reprint.)
5. Udal, J. S., *Dorsetshire Folklore*, with Fore-say by Wm. Barnes, (S. Austin, 1922).
6. Baxter, *op. cit.*, pp. 89-93.
7. Barnes, Wm., 'So-Called Kimmeridge Money', *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1839.
8. Barnes, *Notes on Ancient Britain*, p.3.
9. Barnes, Wm., *A Glossary of the Dorset Dialect with a Grammar* (Toucan Press, 1970 reprint of the 1886 edition.)

275. WILLIAM BARNES: PATERNALISM AND NINETEENTH CENTURY SOCIALISM. At some points in his career William Barnes' views were close to those of the Christian Socialists and Radicals of the Cobbett variety. In the first three quarters of the nineteenth century there were strong similarities in outlook between Tory paternalism and Christian socialism. Indeed during the nineteenth century men as diverse as John Ruskin and H.M. Hyndman moved from Toryism to Socialism.

Robert Owen's socialism stemmed from his response to unemployment in the later part of the Napoleonic Wars and their aftermath. Ruskin also argued that society's response to unemployment should be more positive than just providing relief in workhouses. In his *The Political Economy of Art* (1857) Ruskin wrote:

You complain of the difficulty of finding work for your men. Depend upon it the real difficulty rather is to find men for your work. The serious question for you is not how many you have to feed, but how much you have to do; it is our inactivity, not our hunger that ruins us: let us never fear that our servants should have a good appetite — our wealth is in their strength, not in their starvation. Look around this island of yours, and see what you have to do in it. The sea roars against your harbourless cliffs — you have to build the breakwater and dig the port of refuge; the unclean pestilence ravins in your streets — you have to bring the full stream from your hills, and to send the free winds through the thoroughfare; the famine blanches your lips and eats away your flesh — you have to dig the moor and dry the marsh, to bid the morass give forth instead of engulfing (*sic*), and to wring the honey and oil out of the rock.

Barnes made somewhat similar remarks in his *Views Of Labour and Gold* (1859):

Did the poor receivers of four millions of pounds of poors' rate in the year 1848 do every conceivable bit of work by which their hands could have contributed aught to the welfare of their neighbours? Is the last church path in the kingdom gravelled and thoroughly clean? Is the last stile freed of muddiness? Is the last yard of parish road mended and drained? Is the last brook cleared of the last obstacle which drove its gritty waters needlessly wide over the fields?

The most interesting feature of contrasting these passages is the more Tory slant of Barnes' views. Barnes put the matter as not so much "The Right to Work" (as it was later put by British socialists) or as of benefit to the unemployed but more as one of good value for the rate payer. As Barnes succinctly observed, "it may be said, that there is still undone work which a pauper in health may do, and by which he may make a desirable return, at least to some of his fellow-men if not to those who are working to earn him his livelihood." But here, also, lay the appeal to the well-to-do, albeit of short duration, of Robert Owen's early views — schemes which would make the poor self-reliant, both for their own good and for that of the rate payer.

Various forms of co-operation were seen as other ways in which the poor could become more self-reliant. Christian

Socialists such as F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley saw co-operation as an economic alternative to the *laissez-faire* law of the jungle of Liberal political economy. In 1849, when helping to set up a tailors' co-operative, Maurice declared, "Competition is put forth as the law of the universe. That is a lie. I see no way but associating for work instead of for strikes." He went on to condemn the existing system, "the payment of wages is nothing but a deception," and observed, "We may restore the old state of things; we may bring in a new one. God will decide that ... But it is no old condition we are contending with but an accursed new one, the product of a hateful devilish theory which must be fought with to the death." Maurice's words are interesting in their radical nature with regard to competitive capitalism yet abhorrence of strike action, which he presumably saw as another evil outcome of disturbing the old paternalist order. Charles Kingsley shared his horror of strikes, telling working men on one occasion, "the only advice I can give is, emigrate; but never *strike*".

Barnes' writings also frequently express revulsion at economic competitiveness. Whilst Kingsley could applaud tough and bloody action abroad by men such as Governor Eyre in Jamaica and Rajah Brookes in Borneo, and Ruskin could urge Britain overseas to "found colonies as fast and far as she is able ... seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on", Barnes deplored imperialism as much as he deplored those obsessed with money making at home. Thus he was scathing about,

... the money-making mind which looks on the work of God or the pursuits of man mainly, if not only, as sources of wealth and on the promotion of trade as an end that is well gained over every other good. Such a mind may look on time only as a form of space for the doing of business; on education only as a qualification for gainful employment; on a handsome tree only as a loss or gain upon a balance of the commercial value of its yearly growth and the yield of the ground it takes up; on a waterfall only as a power for an overshot wheel; on the discovery of a new land only as that of new resources of trade; on a newly reached people as buyers of our wares; and on a war on a people who have never lifted a hand against us, other than as meddlers with their own laws and towns, as a fine opening up of trade.

Barnes favoured co-operation in one of its mildest forms, Friendly Societies. In praising them he observed that "they better the moral character of their members as well as their state of affliction; for they must be industrious and prudent to save their contributions; and so far are they from losing their independent spirit in receiving the club allowance, as in living by parish relief, that they claim it with pride as their own labours". Again, in expressing his approval, it is notable that Barnes was eager to display that he had the interests of the rate payer in mind. (No doubt a shrewd move when writing for the readers of *The Dorset County Chronicle*, especially when he was struggling to make a living as a school master).

But there was more to it than this. Barnes, like John Ruskin and William Morris, praised the virtue of manual work, especially craftsmanship. "Hard labour", he wrote, "is the lot of man, his main if not only true wealth and the upholder of his life." Idleness was sin. He echoed the motto of the strict monastic St. David (died 589): "he that does not work, neither shall he eat". Barnes thundered against the idle rich. Thus, for example, when deploring poor people being forced to emigrate, he argued that those who should leave were "all those who needlessly outspend their incomes and sooth an idle life by the costly and wrongly enjoyed productions of the labours of others". Barnes warned "... the more may be the unworking men, who yield no service of hand or mind to the community, the worse is the task of the burdened workers; and therefore in a community of many rich idlers, care should be taken of the honest working classes, or else they will become degraded and dangerous."

Barnes, like Ruskin and Kingsley, looked back to an idealised old social order. Ruskin's father was a wealthy merchant, and John Ruskin appears to have favoured a pyramid social structure like his father's household. When he set up his Guild of St. George it was just as paternalistic and autocratic as the role Robert Owen devised for himself in his socialist communities. Ruskin was very effective in his critiques of *laissez-faire* economics. He was less effective in putting something in its place, harking back to idealised notions of medieval guilds or of Venice in its hey-day.

Charles Kingsley, in his more radical phase of the late 1840s, condemned "all systems of society which favour the accumulation of capital in a few hands." These he judged to be "contrary to the Kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed". Kingsley often looked back to an idealised social order run by an idealised nobility. In 1852 when praising legislation to establish co-operatives, Kingsley observed, "such a move will do more to carry out true Conservatism, and to reconcile the workmen with the real aristocracy, than any politician for the last twenty years has done". He went on to condemn Liberal *laissez-faire* economics:

To pretend to be the workmen's friend, by keeping down the price of bread when all they want thereby is to keep down wages, and to increase profits, and in the meantime to widen the gulf between the working man and all that is time-honoured, refined and chivalrous in English society, that they may make men their divided slaves, that is ... the game of the Manchester School.

I have never swerved from my one idea of the last seven years, that the real battle of the time is ... not Radical or Whig against Peelite or Tory ... but the Church, the gentleman, and the workman, against the shopkeepers and the Manchester School.

This could not have been better put by Disraeli in his Young England phase. Indeed Kingsley was to be fêted later by the

aristocracy, and in particular by Lord John Manners, one of Disraeli's Young England friends.

Barnes, whilst taking a tough line on well-to-do idlers, nevertheless took an idealised view of the landed gentry. In his writing Barnes is often close to these strands of Kingsley's and Disraeli's thinking. Thus Barnes wrote in *Views Of Labour and Gold*:

The squire and his lady are a great social good when they live among the poor, and keep before their eye the graceful pattern of Christian life, and raise the tone of feeling by kindness and sober bearing. Nay it is good to expose the eyes of the poor toilers, for the bare animal man, the clean gravel path, the shrub adorned lawn, the bright windows and the amenities of a good house.

What R. H. Hutton in 1890 wrote of Kingsley could apply equally to Barnes: "He had an odd theory ... that a hearty squire who does his duty, not only to the land but to the tenants and the labourers on his estate, is the nearest thing to a saint which the world can produce ..." This was very much a matter of established churchmen romanticising, and thereby trying to justify, not least in their own minds, the social workings of the nineteenth century Church of England.

But, above all in Barnes, there was a great looking back to the values of eighteenth century rural society in general. Barnes' grandfather is described as a yeoman farmer, his father was a small tenant farmer, having to supplement his income by some day labour for others, and Barnes himself, when he prospered, took a peasant-like pleasure in buying two fields near where his family had farmed. As his daughter later wrote, "Life in Blackmore was practically the life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until the nineteenth was actually far advanced."

William Cobbett regretted the passing of the old rural England in his writings. Thus in the midst of the French Wars he wrote in *The Political Register*, 15 March 1806.

The taxing and funding ... system has ... drawn the real property of the nation into fewer hands; it has made land and agriculture objects of speculation; it has, in every part of the kingdom, moulded many farms into one; it has almost extinguished the race of small farmers; from one end of England to the other, the houses which formerly contained little farmers and their happy families, are now seen sinking into ruins ... We are daily advancing to the state in which there are but two classes of men, *masters and abject dependants*.

Cobbett, of course, moved from being a Tory and an anti-Jacobin pamphleteer to being a notable Radical.

In his poetry and prose Barnes also deplored enclosures and other such rural changes, but he idealised "the good wold squire" as well. Barnes did sorrow at the passing of the old rural order, but he did not offer radical remedies to improve the new.

CHRIS WRIGLEY

276. WILLIAM BARNES: A QUESTION OF RELIGION. A century after the death of William Barnes, time has confirmed the view, then expressed by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge, that here was an example, 'pre-eminent in all that a Christian man's life should be'. Obedient to the commandments of the 'All-Wise' (as he would say), Barnes modestly devoted himself to Christian service as parishioner, teacher and pastor, with the Prayer Book and the Bible sufficing his devotional needs, and seeking his only formal education, beyond elementary, in Theology (at Salisbury) and Divinity (at Cambridge). Yet religion was an area of human experience about which — with politics — he exercised a curious reticence. Among his extensive writings on many subjects — 22 books, 7 pamphlets, some 200 essays and reviews, and over 900 poems — reference to religion is scant. Nor was it a subject for discussion, as Tennyson found when he raised Darwinism in 1865; Barnes went to bed. 'It had never been his way to talk much about his religion', remarked Laura in 1886. As a dutiful daughter she had spent her 57 years at home, and been rebuked for reading from a book of prayers: 'What authority have they?' demanded Barnes.

The irony of this situation has strangely failed to interest biographers, however. Lucy Baxter's *Life* (1887) was inhibited by family loyalty, but her successors have no such reason for opacity. The result is that we know little about Barnes's religious views and influences, or even about his clerical career. A recent study of Barnes among *Victorian Country Parsons* (1977) managed to avoid most of the relevant issues — 'churchmanship', ecumenism, standing among colleagues, views on resounding religious questions and sectarian squabbles. Were these such trivial matters in the life and work of a devout Victorian cleric, whom Llewellyn Powys described, pessimistically, as 'the last of the believers'? In the hope that the Barnes Centenary will arouse interest in his religious life, I have recollected some clues to help future enquirers.

A clear, careful account of Barnes's clerical career — though dismissed by some contemporaries as 'a mere accident' — would provide a much-needed foundation, if taken from his initial application (c. 1836) and set against the developing diocesan background. Problems of patronage — see the Revs. S. H. Cassan and John Mitford in *D.N.B.* — would be a revelation to most Barnes followers today. In the 1840s, phrenologist Edward Preston Mead pronounced him unfit 'for the pulpit; the pen and the press are his weapons'; in 1870, Dr. Moncure Conway (Ethical Society) was surprised to find 'the Dorset Poet' a clergyman, 'the traits and tone of the literary man seemed to be so preponderant in him'. Yet Barnes's reluctance to wield his pen in defence of the Church is plain. The 'chaotic state' of the diocese (as Kegan Paul described it), may account for his early reticence, daunted, as a new Rector,

by the *Essays and Reviews* heresy trial of Rowland Williams — his anti-Colenso aside about 'the Natal poison' would have passed unnoticed — and Lord Portman's Dorset petition to the House of Lords against Bishop Hamilton's High Church doctrines. By 1868, *The Literary Churchman* was prompted to remark that, as clergyman and writer, Barnes 'must be singularly innocent, perhaps even voluntarily ignorant ... (of) the disputes of the day'. This goaded him into occasional writing, under various pen-names, in the local press on Church Establishment and Education — he was a 'voluntaryist' to the last — and even submitting an essay 'On the Maintenance of the Church of England as Established Church' (unsuccessfully) for the Peek Prize in 1872. But copies of this, and of labourers' leaflets — 'Who Supports the Church?' and others recalled by his daughters — have yet to be found.

'I shall still serve the Church in my school', Barnes had assured Bishop Denison in 1852, but one wonders how the hierarchy viewed this humble, mature entrant to the priesthood, whose unconventional dress offended the orthodox. The Church never gave him an appointment; his applications failed to secure the meanest chaplaincy; his livings came solely from the whim of the Damer family. He often deputized for absent clergy but, perhaps for social reasons, had few professional friends, and these, like Henry Moule, were usually evangelicals. Yet he was no ally of 'S.G.O.', Sidney Godolphin Osborne of Durweston (with whom his writings were at one time confused), shunning his local ginger-group, with all other sectarian societies.

If Barnes's dress has intrigued writers and artists, no-one has asked about his liturgical practice. In church design his preference for Gothic followed neither the Camden Society (whose membership he declined) nor 'poor Pugin' (as he called him), but sought classical proportions which avoided all liturgical niceties. At Came, the tastes of the Damer family would have ruled; significantly, the arch-evangelical Dean of Carlisle, Francis Close, happily deputized there a number of times, jokingly as 'curate of Came'. Barnes, a musician, nursed his choir, being fond of hymns — he had written *Sabbath Lays* for home use in 1844 — and of hearing Psalms sung antiphonally. In 1870, his 'melodious' translation of Psalms was sent to the Bible revisers, and though he persevered with the correspondence, it was ignored. Perhaps translating the *Song of Solomon* into Dorset for Prince Lucien Bonaparte displeased some purists. It is noteworthy that he wrote a Biblical play, *Ruth*, for parish amateur dramatics, late in life (1881). The theme of 'Blood Redemption' in Jewish law, appeared oftener than most, in his writing.

At clergy meetings, Barnes's voice was rarely heard. In 1875, he spoke against Osborne Morgan's Burials Bill at Dorchester

rudidecanal conference with such mildness — 'I should be unwilling to take Nonconformists as a whole body to be foes to the Church, as they are not' — that colleagues, for whom churchyard rights were a resigning matter, might well have been offended. Barnes had non-conformist and Quaker friends but, in fact, he deeply resented their sects, as weakening Christian influence through disunity. 'Romanism' he abhorred, and thanked God for the 'wisdom' of the 'scholar-king', Henry VIII, in preserving the 'catholic' faith under Leland and Cranmer, while overthrowing its 'Romish grounds'. He was not narrowly Anglican; some teaching notes on 'Common Prayer' among his papers in the Dorset County Museum, quote from Welsh, Ethiopic and Muzarabic liturgies. Over 900 sermons, in phonetic note form, also await some painstaking student! One, on the Indian Mutiny, which was reported in the *Dorset County Chronicle* (15 X. 1857) expressed the evangelical 'interventionist' views of an earlier generation.

But Barnes's religious opinions are most readily found in his anonymous contributions to national periodicals. From letters and reviews in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Retrospective Review* can be traced, for example, his support for the 'natural theology' of William Paley and William Buckland, and rejection of the evolutionary views of Hutton and Darwin, senior. Evidence of his reactions to Darwinism — and other facets of religious influence — which I have outlined in *William Barnes, the Schoolmaster* (1966) cannot be repeated here, except to stress that Barnes was unusually orthodox on this question. It may be argued that his attitude — so much at variance with the lively originality of his thinking on self-taught subjects — had been fossilised by his adult experience of formal instruction and examination at Cambridge (including Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* (1953) and Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* (1794), an aspect worthy of scrutiny. Barnes had long hovered around the frontiers of scientific discovery, while geology (especially in Dorset) was undermining 'Biblical chronology' and scriptural infallibility, and in 1848-49 he pleaded for 'logicality, sobriety and piety' in explaining 'the Divine genesis of the world'. It is interesting, if ironic, that Lucy, after living in Italy for 20 years, should see her father as a proto-Spencerian.

Theorising from the Bible displeased Barnes. In his *Ancient Britain* (1858), for example, he did not follow his friend James Savage (*History of Dorchester*, 1832), either in Biblical chronology or in finding the origin of the Britons among the sons of Japheth; likewise, in 1886, he gave short shrift to British-Israelitism for tracing 'the lost tribes' of Israel to Britain. Long-forgotten theories, such as the 'Hemsterhusian hypothesis' of 'the Dutch Socrates', that Greek was divinely inspired, and Dublin's Professor Wall's two-volume tome on

the divine gift of writing at Sinai, were tackled by Barnes in simple, sometimes sarcastic, sentences that belied the depth of knowledge — if not of the emotion — behind them. Of the professor's theory he retorted that, if true, 'Moses must have received from God at the same time a miraculous power of reading!'. Whether his comments were thought irreverent, they were certainly typical. And they all share one common feature: Barnes never called upon Theology in his arguments. He may have taken his degree in Divinity, but on 'religious' issues, he preferred to rely on history, philology, science, or even mathematics. Thus, he derided Darwinists, 'passionate monkey-men' on philological, not theological, grounds; and when his 'village genius', William Lander of Mere, dismissed Newtonian theories on Biblical evidence, Barnes did not trade scriptural texts with him, but retorted that this was no 'battle of faith' but a matter of mathematical calculation. Had 'the doughty moonraker' fallen from 'a railway carriage at full speed' he would have discovered his error. In an essay on Glanvill's *Vanity of Dogmatizing* in 1853, he revealed his rule:

'It seems to us that we should always keep asunder outward world-truth (natural philosophy), which is rightly the end of inductive reason; and inward soul-truth (religion), which is the end of faith; and that if we set inductive reason to work in the dominion of faith, soul-truth, we may become unbelievers; and if we send out faith, in the place of reason, to seek world-truth, we may be superstitious'.

Other essays in the *Retrospective Review* (1852-54) digress on clergy training — lack of Hebrew fostering 'clashing doctrines' over Old Testament studies — and on the Church as upholder of culture, contrasting the Church's legacy to learning and the arts, with the anti-intellectual 'scoffings' of Dissent. Anticipating R. H. Tawney by 80 years, he found it 'thought-worthy' that Dissent fostered, not only 'bitter-mindedness between sect and sect' but also the evils and exploitation of capitalism and the factory system.

If Barnes's stance changed little on most religious questions, failing Church influence at home and overseas made him increasingly despondent. As a young man he had viewed the spread of Anglo-Saxon power with pride as God's agent carrying His Word to all nations; by the 1850's his reading of 'travellers' tales' dismayed him. While still supporting overseas missions, perhaps more fervently, he virtually charged British colonists with genocide from Newfoundland to the Antipodes — 'The whites, and among them the English, have been the cause of bodily death rather than spiritual life' — bluntly quoting examples such as settlers killing aborigines to feed their dogs. Writing of 'our unrighteousness towards weaker tribes' in the *Poole Herald* (1849), he reminded readers that 'the red man of America and the darker ones of Australia and New Zealand are (also) children of Adam'.

Abroad, colonists; at home, capitalists; and the Church temporising with both. And thence with politicians he had come to despise. But that is another question, another irony of Barnes's life that biographers have strangely ignored. But first we need to know more about the mainspring of his life — his religion. And his advice?

'Widen your mind, enlarge your sympathies, and thank God for *all things*'.

T. HEARL

277. MONCURE CONWAY MEETS WILLIAM BARNES. The centenary of the death of William Barnes (1801-1886) is occasion for Dorset to celebrate their local Worthy. Barnes's fame as a writer and scholar, however, extended far beyond his native Blackmore Vale and the environs of Dorchester. In the United States two editions of the Dorset poems, and an illustrated edition of Macmillan's volume of the *Rural Poems in Common English* were published during his life time. Many Americans, however, first learned of William Barnes in 1874 when a lengthy article entitled 'South-Coast Saunterings in England' was published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. Part of a popular series of articles, it contained an enthusiastic description of both Dorchester and the Reverend William Barnes. The author, Moncure Conway, was an American writer, philosopher, and lecturer residing in England.

Conway would undoubtedly have known of Barnes through their mutual friend William Allingham. An early letter in Barnes's scrapbook shows that Barnes and Conway had been in correspondence with one another before ever meeting.

51 Nottingham Square
London
Sept. 1, 1870

Dear Sir,

I have received copies of the Weymouth Southern Times, Aug. 26, and the Dorset County Express (Aug. 29) both containing very valuable reports of the Archaeological Assoc. The last came this morning. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your aid in procuring them.

Faithfully yours,
M. D. Conway¹

Their formal introduction, however, was arranged by another acquaintance, William Colfox. On the 28th of October 1870, Colfox dispatched the following telegram from his home as Westmead near Bridport to Came Rectory.

Mr. Moncure Conway, an American writer is anxious to be introduced to you, and will call about half-past three.²

In more conventional fashion, Conway carried with him an introductory letter dated the same day.

My dear Sir,

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, an American gentleman residing in London, a writer on *Frasers Magazine*, the *Daily News* etc. much wishes

to make your acquaintance. I therefore give him this letter of introduction to you.

With kind regards
Believe me
Very truly yours
Wm Colfox³

Neither the letter nor the telegram made mention of the fact that Moncure Conway was minister of the controversial South Place Chapel in Finsbury and considered by many to be a heretical free thinker. Even before he had joined the South Place Ethical Society its congregation had rejected the doctrines of eternal Hell and the Trinity. Under Conway's ministry, in 1869, all prayer was dropped, though he had not yet abandoned the label of Theist.

Never actually a member of the New England Transcendental movement, Conway had read voraciously, as a young Methodist circuit preacher, everything he could find by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Inspired by him, he entered Harvard to train as a Unitarian minister, studied Eastern literature, and espoused the Abolitionist cause, a bold step for a young man from a distinguished Virginia family who were among the leading land owners and slave holders in the state. In 1860 he published an anti-slavery paper *The Dial* named after the old *Dial* published in the 1840s by Emerson and Margaret Fuller. Deeply interested in comparative mythology and folklore, he spent the year 1866 studying devil and serpent myths and superstitions in Russia, Germany, Denmark, and Finland. The next year he had travelled to Wales followed by more research in Germany and Austria. But it was a visit to Kent's Cave on the south coast of England in 1868 with William Pengally to examine the flint instruments and fossils found there that had shaken his faith in the Mosaic account of the earth's age. After reading Darwin's *On the Origin of the Species by Means of Natural Selection* he became convinced that the death knell had been rung on Christianity and all other religions not based upon natural science.

In gathering material for his series for Harper's, Conway soon learned that the best sources for information on local history and myth were the country clergymen. In spite of their wide divergence in ideology, he was eager to meet William Barnes who was widely known as a folklorist and philologist. Conway knew which subjects to avoid. Barnes's early interest in science had been abandoned when he could no longer reconcile it with his religious beliefs. 'For years, as a convinced adherent to Church doctrine, Barnes had regretted the growing strength of evolutionary ideas in scientific thought.' In 1865 when he and William Allingham had visited Tennyson at Farringford, his home on the Isle of Wight, the subject had turned to Darwin and whether 'man from ape' would make a difference.

'Time is nothing,' said T., 'are we not all part of Deity?' 'Pantheism?' hinted Barnes, who was not at ease in this sort of speculation. 'Well' says T., 'I think I believe in Pantheism of a sort.' Barnes to bed.⁴

Later that evening Tennyson remarked to Allingham that Barnes was 'not accustomed to strong views theologic.'

Barnes might once have subscribed to the belief of the Transcendentalists in self-reliance, but the failure of the school that he and his wife Julia had worked so hard to make a success and his losses of preferment to less qualified candidates for various positions had even shaken that assurance. He would have agreed with reservation with Conway's attitudes towards slavery. In *Views of Labour and Gold* Barnes had written on the demoralizing influence of selling and buying one's brother man, but like many Englishmen he was ambivalent in his feelings about the American Civil War. British mills relied on Southern cotton. The local Dorset papers had a Southern bias, and as a Classicist Barnes couldn't forget that Greece had achieved its great cultural flowering under a slave society.

Conway described in detail his meeting with Barnes.

Being too late for the train to Dorchester (which is supposed to connect with that from Portland, but is generally persuaded by the Weymouth hotels to vanish from the station just as the other comes in) and having but one afternoon at my disposal, I employed at a cost of ten shillings, an open coach to take me to Came.⁵

After a circuitous journey, Conway arrived at the rectory. Theologic differences ignored, the two men established instant rapport. They discussed the folklore used by Barnes in his poetry, Conway commenting on the similarity of the legend in 'The Beam in Grenley Church' with that of Christchurch in Hampshire. They talked about the belief in 'vearies' still strong in out of the way places in Dorsetshire, the custom of passing ruptured children through the splits in trees, and the local cure for jaundice of eating nine lice. There was much talk of philology. Conway later borrowed the grammar and glossary which Barnes had prepared for the Philological Society, as well as writing him a long letter, to check the facts before printing his article.

51 Nottingham Square
London
Nov. 22

My Dear Sir,

It was a source of much regret to me that I could not have seen more of you during my brief visit to Dorchester. I have been for some years writing in Harper's Monthly Magazine, New York, a series of English Sketches under the title of "South-coast Saunterings in England", and I am now setting about one which will relate to the parts of Dorset which I visited. I am anxious to get as much knowledge as I can of the Dorset dialect, and also wish to speak to you as the one who has made that dialect interesting to the world. The magazine for which I write is an illustrated one, and I am anxious to adorn my paper with your likeness, as well as a picture of your church. (I wish I could also add your charming home.) The copy of your unpublished poems has two pictures of the church, and I can

spare that on the cover. But it would go hard with me to part with the photograph of yourself, and I hope you will be able to tell me where I can get another, -- for which I will gladly pay anything. Also anything that you might give me in the way of information relating to yourself, which you would not object to have read by your many American admirers, would be exceedingly valuable.

There are one or two things about the Dorset dialect concerning which I wished to ask your opinion, and must do so by letter. In your glossary you speak of the phrase "to g'ie sone the zack." You know that "to give one the sack" is an English phrase especially applied when a young man's addresses have been refused by a lady. You seem to identify the word zack with slip, in sense, but what does it mean etymologically? There is a Northumbrian word "sackless," meaning "helpless, innocent," which Brockett traces to the Sax. *sacleas* (quiet), Isl. *Saklaus* (innocent) Swed. *saklös* (exempt from punishment.) Now sack in these cases seem to be from A. Sax. *saccan* (to fight) as when we say a city is sacked. If yr Dorset word comes by that route it would mean "give one" a blow or slap. But whence comes our ordinary *sack*, a bag? Is it related to suck, e.g. a thing that sucks in things, and holds them?

You speak of colepixy as equivalent to the Pixhy hording of Somerset. What is the origin of Cole? Does it mean the pixy that *culls*? or is it related to Devon "colting", frolicking? Pixy too is a word that puzzles me. I have sometimes thought that it is a corruption from a seemingly distant word -- *bogie*. And this impression has been revived by your definition of the Dorset puxy as a *boggy* place. Bogg is from A. Sax. *beogan* to bend, i.e. ground that bends under the feet. The appearance of *ignes fatuui* about bogs led to the old notion that they were fairies, e.g. (Will o' the Wisp). The Russian word for God is *bog*, whence bogie. It would not be impossible (I think) to get bogsie-puxy-pixy. The American writer Hawthorne expressed the opinion that the word *asphyxia* was related to pixy, indicating an old notion that such diseases were the work of fairies. -- The name of Giltcup for buttercup is I suppose simply Gelt -- or golden-cup -- or does it come from Ger. *gelte* barren empty?

Among the Dorset words which are in familiar use in New England are *heft*; choir (which Lowell thinks from *jour*); housen; fall used by Drayton & Dryden (autumn); peart; growed; blowed; and Blowth, for the general blossoming of trees, a single blossom being a "blow," afeard; dogs for andirons; and handy.

In New England there are some terms in use which we do not find in English dialects: "to *cotton* to" a person -- stick to them; to flax, i.e. to beat; to "allow" or "low" in sense of to affirm; to *put*, in sense of to make off or begone quickly; to *loaf*, i.e. to lounge lazily about; to *mull*, i.e. a stir or bustle about. Have you heard any words that remind you of these?

If you can name to me some titles of books to which it would be useful for me to refer in studying up the neighbourhoods of Bridport, Abbotsbury, Weymouth, Portland, Dorchester & Came (What does Came come from?) I will be obliged to you. I have the new edition of Hutchins. I would particularly like to know what interesting characters or peculiar geniuses have lived in that part of the country, and how I can get hold of something about them; if they are not very famous, so much the better.

I fear I am troubling you with a long letter, but I remember the kindness with which you received me, and hope you will pardon the liberty I take. If you should visit London, I sincerely trust you will send me your address.

Faithfully yours,
M. D. Conway

The collection of unpublished poems to which Conway refers contained the familiar photograph of the elderly Barnes sitting in a chair with a book in his hand, and an engraving of Winterbourne Came church. It was printed in 1870, the year of Conway's visit, by W. Miles Barnes, William's son, at his parish at Monkton to raise money for the school fund. A letter written by Barnes to his friend Daniel Ricketson, a poet from New Bedford, Massachusetts, says that it was Conway who had an engraving made from the photograph, and this he ultimately used in his article.

William Barnes obviously responded at length to Conway's letter for he received the following reply:

51 Nottinghill Square
London
Dec. 6

My Dear Sir,

Thanks for your ample and most valuable enclosures. The additional copy of your "Unpublished Poems" was sent me by our friend Wm. Colfox. I will return the printed matter you have sent me, and will send you a copy of my article on Dorset when it is printed. I feel guilty when I think of the trouble you have had in my behalf, but can only again thank you — as I do — most heartily.

Faithfully yours,
M. D. Conway

Conway could not have submitted the article to Barnes for correction before sending it to New York because it contains errors that Barnes would have caught. During Conway's visit, Barnes had walked with him into the town of Dorchester where they visited the museum and St. Peter's Church. In his description of the objects they saw there, Conway wondered erroneously if the church tablet to Thomas Hardy, founder of the Grammar School, was the Admiral Hardy whose monument towers up near Portesham.

In the spring of 1871 a local event reactivated the correspondence between Barnes and Conway. John Bird, a young farmer from Batcombe, beat severely an old woman believing that she was a witch. Conway immediately sent a letter of inquiry to Barnes.

51 Nottinghill Square
London
March 18

My Dear Sir,

I have been interested in seeing in the *Daily News* of yesterday an account of a man from Batcombe put on his trial at Dorchester for beating an aged woman under the impression that he was 'hag ridden' by her. I should like to know any particulars of this case which have not appeared yet, if you know them. Have you heard of any similar ones during your long residence in Dorset? — One of the most remarkable features of this case is that the young farmer was careful to provide himself for the attack with a *hasel* stick. I can well believe from this fact that he spoke the truth in saying that he did not mean to beat the old woman so hard, but that the

severity of the attack was caused by her vigorous reply, and her spitting on him. The circumstances relating to the *hasel* stick seem to me so important that I really think that his counsel ought to be advised of them. The *hasel* was the sacred wood of Thor; it was the caduceus of Mercury, and hence the wood of which the divining rod was made — *is* made, for the superstition lingers. The *hasel* runs through all the superstitions of Germany, where to this day in ignorant districts, rods of it are put up over doors & windows to keep out witches. It is probable that in your old Saxon Dorset this superstition lingers and that the young farmer supposed that *a mere touch* of the sacred wand would destroy the power of the witch over him. But when she spat on him, he may have fallen under the panic of a kindred superstition as to the terrible effects of a witch's spittle, and beaten her in a frenzy of fear lest he should be more under her power than ever. — Dreadful as these superstitions are they are very curious, and I should like to know more of this especial one. — I hope you will pardon me for troubling you again in the matters of your most interesting county, and believe me

Ever yours most truly,
M. D. Conway

The Dorset County Chronicle and Somersetshire Gazette for March 23, 1871, carried an account of the assault of John Bird, age 23, on Charlotte Griffin, age 86, beating her so severely that her life was threatened. He had told Adelaide Foot that 'if caught the old woman he would kill her, as she "hag-rided" him three times the previous night, when he saw her come into the window.' When he told her to leave she spat in his face. 'He then struck her with a little hazel stick on the face twice . . . a with stick about the size of a gig whip.' He insisted that he would not have beat her so hard if she had not spit in his face and scratched his nose. He contritely promised the court 'I will never beat her no more, whether she hag-rides me or not.'

Conway considered Barnes's answer to his letter worthy of inclusion in his article.

If I can learn any thing more of the Balcombe [*sic*] case of witchcraft, you shall have it. Balcombe is an outstep village on the southern edge of a vale, and a friend of mine, a clergyman, went thither yesterday to take the church services for the curate, who is from home. Young Ford's [*sic*] sister plays the harmonium in the church, and I do not hear that he is a bad young man; so that I think your opinion is well grounded that he did not mean at first to beat the woman hard.

I should think from my knowledge of Dorset folklore and witchcraft, that his aim was to give her a sharp tiff which would graze the skin and draw a drop of her blood, which, in the folk-lore of Dorset, at least, it is believed would have broken the spell of her witchery. A sudden sticking with the top of a needle has sometime been used for this end: and an old woman, whom I knew in my youth, told me that she had tried the needle on her witchsoe, but that it had broken off. You may see in Dorset many horseshoes nailed up over doors where it is feared a witch might, without it, overstep the threshold with her blighting presence. Did our old Saxon kindred take with them to America many of these English superstitions? Do you know that Dorset people still hold up their hands to the wart-charmer?

The mistakes in the names of the family and village may have been the result of Conway misreading Barnes's handwriting which had become difficult to decipher after 1854 when severe erysipelas had crippled his hands.

A postcard postmarked July 21 shows Conway's continued interest in the case:

51 Nottinghill Square, London

My Dear Sir, — I see by the *Times* that young Bird has been sentenced for beating the old woman he thought a witch. If there is any report in the Dorchester paper of the trial I would be glad to get it. I see there have been Midsummer John-fires in the Shetlands this month, with children passed over the flames.

Faithfully yours, M. D. Conway

Barnes apparently had not accepted Conway's theory of the deliberate use of a magical hazel wand, and Conway too changed his mind after reading all the accounts.

51 Nottinghill Square

London

July 25

My Dear Sir,

I had already made up my mind (after reading the account in the paper you were kind enough to send me) that the hazel stick was accidental. The trial is very curious indeed, showing how the bronze and stone ages for which archaeologists seek may be morally very near and contemporaneous. I think Bird was mildly enough punished; and in the interest of civilisation I should have thought even a severer sentence desirable. Such trials are of great advantage in ignorant districts, revealing to the superstitious how contemptible their notions are in the eyes of the intelligent. But then, no sooner does witchcraft sink than up there crops Mr. Hume with his dancing tables!

Accept again my hearty thanks for your kindnesses.

Faithfully yours

M. D. Conway

There are no further letters from Conway though we can deduce that he did send Barnes a copy of *Sauntering X* describing Dorset, which finally appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in January, 1874, because Lucy Baxter used it extensively when writing her father's biography, *Life of William Barnes*. In 1876 Conway wrote: 'There is a feeling of sadness that I cannot reduce the Atlantic to a little stream that we may bind the free progressive minds of England and America into one great fraternity.'⁸ In spite of their vastly different theology and background, Moncure Conway and William Barnes demonstrated the possibility of such a union.

1. Scrapbook IV (William Barnes Collection, Dorset County Museum), p.70.
2. *Ibid.*, p.55.
3. All letters quoted are from the William Barnes Collection in the Dorset County Museum.
4. Trevor W. Hearl, *William Barnes the Schoolmaster* (Dorset: Longmans Ltd., 1966), p.298.
5. *William Allingham, A Diary, 1824-1889* (Penguin Books, 1985), p.127.
6. Moncure Conway, "South-coast Saunterings in England" *Saunter X*, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, January, 1874, p.186.

7. For information on Dorset folklore in New England see Charlotte Lindgren, "Barnes and Whittier, Early Folklorists" *Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin* XLVII, 2, June, 1981, pp. 67-75.
8. John d'Entremont, *Moncure Conway 1832-1907* (London: South Place Ethical Society, 1977), p.25.

C. LINDGREN

278. WILLIAM BARNES AND THE DORSET DIALECT. Among the many reasons why it is difficult to write in or about a regional dialect is the fact that interest ranges from those who regard it simply as a rather trivial joke to those who know it to be a complex, difficult subject of absorbing interest. And, as printed specimens of dialect will have been written by or for people with these extremes of interest, so the specimens themselves will vary as widely in kind and quality. Hence, before discussing any printed dialect, it is necessary not only to know something about that dialect but, perhaps even more, something about the man who wrote it and his approach to it.

William Barnes is well known as a most human and lovable man; and, although well endowed with a kindly and warm hearted sense of humour, his attitude to life was one of responsibility: life was governed by gentleness and love but was real and earnest. He was hard-working and of great ability with an outstanding gift for and interest in languages and linguistics. He loved all things great and small, but had a deep and special passion for his own people and countryside. He also had a reverent and profound interest in the past; tender nostalgia runs through his verse; and prominent among wistful memories are those of the speech of his youth. And his love for this, strengthened by his linguistic interest, embraced the sources from which his native speech had sprung. He felt, indeed, that he had almost a missionary call to praise, preserve and propagate the Dorset dialect, which he held to be a well of English undefiled; a genuine, unadulterated speech springing directly from Anglo-Saxon. And so he wrote extensively with dedicated skill, knowledge and zeal in and on his beloved native speech; and his works are well known far beyond his county and country.

As to the dialect ¹ itself, we may first of all speak briefly on its historical development, and this can be based only on what has survived in writing and print, not on the spoken word. Anglo-Saxon or Old English had three main dialects of which the chief, and that in which practically all surviving A. S. literature is written, is the West Saxon, spoken throughout the west except in Cornwall; and this is the natural source of speech in Dorset. In Middle English, manuscripts record many dialects from all over the country, but there is little for Dorset, the best known being the *Owl and the Nightingale* written at Portisham c. 1200, but even this is not pure Dorset: it contains Kentish

elements since the writer was from that area. And by the close of the Middle Ages, certainly by 1500, something had developed, largely due to the works of Chaucer, who died in 1400, which gave dialects a quite new significance: and this something is a standard English. After this, regional dialect was speech which departed from the norm. Before the 15th century there had been no norm; and, certainly in A. S. times, the language in each main area was a sovereign speech, recognizing no other as being more "correct". Hence, although we have used "dialect" to describe West Saxon, it is not really the right word. First recorded in 1551, "dialect" means for us a speech (and here a regional speech) which is sub-standard, inferior, and spoken by the uneducated. But West Saxon was a language in its own right, and was so regarded by Barnes, who considered it to represent a "pure" English.

From the 16th century dialect was written — chiefly in the drama — to indicate rustic character and often to introduce an element of bucolic humour — the language itself being regarded as something laughable. Of all regional dialects the most popular was the western, which took a stylized, conventional form and was often called Somerset — that perhaps being the best known western county. Shakespeare uses it in only one play (*K. Lear*, 4.6.236-47), but it was fairly common in the drama and was used by at least one Dorset writer, John Clavell of Wootton Glanville, in his play *The Soddered Citizen* of c. 1630. An analysis of his dialect shows words used from Kent to Devon and from Dorset to Bedford. That several of these words are not in Barnes's *Glossary* does not prove that they were not used in Dorset two centuries earlier; but on the whole this Dorset author seems to be merely using the conventional "Somerset" stage dialect. No attempt can be made here to list the subsequent examples in literature of dialect that might claim to be of Dorset. There are many of the conventional type, which, indeed, continues to be written today; but in the early 19th century there developed a serious, scientific, interest in dialect with conscientious attempts to reproduce it faithfully. And Barnes was a pioneer in this field for Dorset, with his dialect poems and glossary published in 1844. Since then, and influenced by Barnes, Thomas Hardy, the Powys brothers and many less distinguished writers have made serious attempts to reproduce the dialect as it is spoken: and these attempts continue.

The modern dialect itself can — like any other speech — be roughly divided into:

1. Sounds (Phonology)
2. Words (Vocabulary)
3. Usage (Phrasing and sentence construction. How the words are strung together)

As far as 2 and 3 are concerned the dialect consists of standard and old-fashioned English with a very few survivals of Anglo-Saxon not now used in standard English, coupled with bad grammar and slovenliness — which are found in varying degree in speech of all classes of society — and that indefinable but unmistakable quality in the speech of all who are not well educated, which is sometimes called language of the people. No space can be given to analysing this; perhaps it can be sufficiently illustrated by the word *got* which is used much more frequently in language of the people than in polite standard English. The one would say “Have you got change for £5?”, while the other would ask the same question without *got*. “Emp they tay laves down zink” includes most of these elements.

It may be as well to remember that dialect naturally pays no attention to county boundaries: speech will be the same for some miles either side: and, conversely, there will be variations within the county. Before easy communications, these were likely to be between areas separated by marked natural features, a river, forest, range of hills: nowadays, land utilization, industries, and influence of people from outside the county are more likely causes — as between sparsely populated, rural areas and others that are densely populated, given to other industries and commerce, or popular as holiday or retirement resorts. Hence, as it was always somewhat inaccurate to speak of Dorset dialect as if it were restricted to and standard throughout the county, it is still more inaccurate to do so today. But in a brief non-technical article, that is what must be done, although these points may be borne in mind. Among other difficulties are the differences not only in kind but in degree, intensity, depth and breadth in which dialect is spoken: its variability and fluidity, even in a fairly small area, which can make it difficult to grasp and discuss with precision. The true speaker of Dorset dialect is likely to be an older, not well educated, person who has always lived in a rural area; but others will speak it to some extent; and practically all people born and bred in the county who spoke the dialect in their youth, even if they become well educated, will always have at least a tinge of Dorset accent. And that reminds us that the most characteristic and lasting part, the stamp, of any dialect lies in its sounds. The broad locality in the country of any uneducated person can usually be told primarily from his accent, rather than his vocabulary and idiom. Dialect survives above all in the sounds, accent, the timbre of voices from its district. But all language is constantly changing, even to some extent in sounds; that is another caveat to anyone writing about the Dorset dialect today as if it were the same as that described and used by Barnes in 1844.

Since the early 19th century when dialect first commanded

serious interest, all writers on it have steadily prophesied that dialect would die out in a few years from their time. They have all been wrong. It is, of course, in the dying process, but — as Charles II apologized concerning his own demise — it is taking an unconscionable time about it. Decay is most rapid in the *vocabulary*. Many words recorded by Barnes in his *Glossary*, and which could still be heard early in this century, have now probably gone (although it is never safe to say), as *drong* (narrow, confined path), *dunch* (deaf), *nammet* (early lunch), *wayzalt* (see-saw). A few survive, as *crewel* (cowslip), *dap* (bounce a ball), *ever* (newt), *shard* (gap in hedge), *want* (a mole): but they are going, and, incidentally, all are, or were, also found outside Dorset.

The next part to go is *usage and idiom*. This lasts longer and we still hear: *I d'like*; *wurr be gwine to*; *I reckon as*; *I took* and *went*; *I up an' zed*; a *main* (or) *tidy* vew; *I bent nuthin speshul* (not very sprack); got *ara* vag on ee.' The 2nd person singular is always *thee*, not *thou*. And the verb following *thee* is often expressed simply by 'ze. So, "Theeze bet'ur goo whum" (You had better go home). And this in enclitic 'ze is sometimes heard when no word is needed. So, although you might hear "Thee cassen yurr 'zwel as cust, cast?" (You can't hear as well as you could, can you?), you might also hear "Theeze cassen, etc". But here again, much of this can be heard outside Dorset, and much, indeed, is simply general speech of the people, in Dorset accent.

But in the third part, the *accent*, the *sounds*, there is little sign of decay. No doubt there is some weakening of the broad Dorset accent, but elderly speakers of the dialect have said that they can detect no difference between today's sounds and those of their youth. The sounds seem nearly indestructible and are the most important part of the dialect. And the chief of these sounds naturally lie in the vowels as influenced by consonants and in the consonants themselves.

Some of the main consonantal sounds are:

1. The well known voicing of *f* and *s*, which become *v* and *z*. Farmer > varmer; sat > zat. This reflects Anglo Saxon and is found in modern German. But although *s* > *z*, *sh* > something like the French *je*; *shilling* > *j(e)illing*; *short* > *j(e)art*.
2. Voicing of *th* to something like *dth* in all cases, *dthick*, *dthurr*; and when followed by *r*, *th* > simply *d*. So three, through, throw, thrush > dree, droo, drow, drush.
3. Certain consonants tend to develop a *w* — *bwoy*, *gwine* (going), *spwile* (spoil), *stwun* (stone), *twoad*.
4. And the well known metathesis — *ask/axe*, *great/girt*, *wasp/wopse*. (But this is found very widely; even in other English speaking countries).

5. But the consonant which is most characteristic of Dorset speech and which has the greatest effect on its vowels is *r*. A remarkable sound; almost a word in itself. It is the famous West Saxon retracted or flat *r*. In Dorset we bring our tongue-tips back for this sound, unlike Northerners who trill the tip forwards; and this retracted *r* colours all speech in the South-west. It is a heavy sound in itself, affecting all vowels, giving them a dull sound of low pitch. The effect of this flat, retracted *r* on vowels is well known:

On *a* — varmer, vurr (far)

On *e* — thurr (there), turrble, wurr, yurr

On *i* — iyurn (iron), viur (fire), wiur (wire)

On *o* — barder, Darzit, Jarge, marnin, varr, vurr (for),
zar (sore)

On *u* — burry, urry (the *u* is part of the *r*)

Experts say that these are West Saxon sounds.

There is also the tendency to round *we*, *wi* to *wu*, *woo* and even *oo*. So, well there > woo thurr; will you? > oot? The West Saxon *wielle* (wells, springs) > Wool, as in the place-name. This broadening of vowels is a general characteristic of Dorset and all western dialect, hope > awp; clean > clayne; bean > bayen; and so on. The experts, including Barnes, will no doubt have scientific linguistic reasons for this. But an important contributory cause may be that rural life is, or used to be, slow; and this is reflected in slowness in speech; more time is taken in pronunciation.

Having said a little about Barnes the man and the dialect we may now refer briefly to his writings on and in it. Briefly, because this should be done only by someone thoroughly qualified — an authority, not only on linguistics in general but on West Saxon and the dialects descended from it in particular, and who is also a scholar in comparative philology: for Barnes was all these.

The Grammar in Barnes's *Glossary* is stamped with his personality and idiosyncrasies; and, lovable as these are, some make the book rather difficult to use, although it is enjoyable to browse through it. In the first place he writes in a kind of West-Saxonised modern English with linguistic technical jargon of his invention. He speaks of hard, mild, dead and half, breath pennings, which apparently refer to varieties of vocal stops or voiceless sounds. Penning is not in his *Glossary* or the *OED*. He speaks of wordheads (initials), lessening meanings (diminutives), clustered words, breathsounds, twysounds, and so on. Some are reasonably clear but on the whole they hinder easy understanding of his argument. there are many statements like "there are cases of over-wielding among breath-pennings" which are obscure to a layman. His main sections are on sounds, especially on broadening of vowels, and words of "nigh

meanings" (synonyms). He constantly cites parallels from other languages, ancient and modern. All familiar with the dialect will, as far as they can follow Barnes, probably find their only criticism to be that — as in his dialect poems — he tends to polish, to refine, and give the dialect a literary flavour. So, (ignoring the prefix *a*) for his "have ye a-vound the book?" (28) many would prefer "avee voun th' book?", and for "Haps the geate He'll haps hisself" (12), "aps th' geat eel aps isselve", and so on. He is understandably tentative in some matters: speaking of Anglian sounds he says (2) "who knows but that *dale* and *whate* are the sounds of ... the early English." Modern experts in linguistic phonology could probably answer the question.

Perhaps a note may be made here on the understanding and facility in reading printed dialect. This, as with Shakespeare, is probably always more difficult than seems to be generally assumed. It is perhaps easiest for educated people who are familiar with the dialect and have had practice in the adjustment needed in reading a foreign language. It may not be generally appreciated that actual speakers of Dorset dialect, even though they may have reasonable reading fluency of standard English, have been heard to say that they have been surprised to find great difficulty in reading Barnes's dialect poems. This may be partly because they are not used to reading poetry, but mainly because their ears are accustomed to hearing and accepting the dialect but their eyes are accustomed to recognizing words in print only in standard English. Of course all dialect speakers are to some extent bi-lingual; they can make some show of "talking proper" when company and occasion demand; but hearing is one thing and reading quite another.

In his *Glossary* Barnes complains (vi) of being criticized for including words not peculiar to Dorset; and it is a little difficult to follow his reasoning that not to include words also used outside Dorset would be a *reductio ad absurdum*, for this leaves the door wide open. Certainly, dialect words also found in adjacent counties should be included; but the *Glossary* contains words that are used very widely, and some seem hardly to be dialect at all, as *bad* (to be unwell), *barm*, *becall*, *bide*, *braid*, *breast-plough*, *by an' by*, *chubby*, *contraption*, *dent*, and others.

Similar comment can be made on his poems in dialect. To make them nearer the spoken dialect innumerable lines seem to call for slight amendment, always bringing them a little down to earth, so to speak. So the first line of perhaps his best known poem is printed "In the zunsheen of our zummings", but in Dorset speech this would be more like "I' th' zunj(e)iyne ov ower zummurs". Spoken Dorset dialect is nearer the soil than that which Barnes writes. All dialect is vulgar in the sense that it

is spoken by the people, and Barnes wished to eliminate those elements of the vulgar that he might understandably have regarded as the dross — the bad grammar, slovenliness and some of the language of the people.

All that has been written is not criticism of Barnes but only an attempt to give a partial answer (a complete one if not already done must await the expert) to the question — what are characteristics of Dorset dialect and how far does Barnes retain them in his writings?

The truth seems to be that Barnes wrote, as was natural, a dialect as it would be spoken and written by people of his own level of education and culture. He loved the dialect, but although, as is common with lovers, he may have rather idealized what he loved, he did so with deep knowledge of the subject and its history. If he did not use the exact spoken dialect, that was because he did not mean to do so; not because he was not familiar with it. He was refining to make a living language for speech and writing for all in his beloved county, and perhaps in a Wessex area. In his later days he may well have known of the Provençal poet Mistral and the Félibrige. Barnes was the poet and would surely have favoured a similar movement for his district. But although anything of that kind would hardly have been possible, Barnes succeeded firstly in preserving and making the dialect widely known, and secondly in, as far as lay judgment can tell, refining it with linguistic accuracy into a flexible literary language of beauty; in which he wrote memorable poetry.

Notes

Comments on the dialect are based mainly on personal experience and items 1, 2, 11 and 12 below. The others are works that happened to be at hand and do not make even a selected bibliography of the subject.

1. Barnes, W. *A Glossary of the Dorset Dialect with a Grammar of its Word Shapening and Wording*. 1886. Reprint by Stevens-Cox, Guernsey, 1970. This has a few misprints which may be in the original.
2. *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*. 1905. pp.467.
3. *Select Poems*. Chosen and edited with a Preface and Glossarial Notes by Thomas Hardy. 1908. pp.xvi, 196. Hardy's preface has comments on the dialect.
4. *Selected Poems* edited with an introduction by Geoffrey Grigson. 1950. pp.296. Prefatory matter gives comments on Barnes by other writers and a bibliography. pp. 1-55.
5. *A Fadge of Barnes* Edited by J. Stevens Cox. 1956. pp.23. Barnes's contributions to *The Hawk*, 1867 and 2 letters.
6. *One Hundred Poems*. With an essay by E. M. Forster. 1971. pp.xvi, 118.
7. *Poems Grave and Gay*. Edited with Foreword, Afterword and Glossary by Alan Chedzoy. Maps and Sketches by Eric Ricketts. 1978. pp.ix., 116, xxvii. The selection was originally made in 1949 by Giles Dugdale.
8. Jones, Bernard: *William Barnes 1801-1886*. (Dorset Worthies No. 1). 1962. pp.4.
9. Levy, William Turner: *William Barnes. The Man and the Poems*. 1960. pp.xvii, 195. Dialect, 153-9, 179-85.
10. Rogers, Norman: *Wessex Dialect*. 1979. pp.vii, 99. Barnes is mentioned only once and is not in the bibliography.
11. Wakelin, Martyn F.: *English Dialects. An Introduction*. 1972. pp.xvi, 207.
12. Widen, Bertil: *Studies on the Dorset Dialect*. 1949. pp.179.

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279. THE SONG OF SOLOMON IN THE DORSET DIALECT VERSION OF WILLIAM BARNES. Prince Lucien Buonaparte, nephew of the great Napoleon, preferred the study of philology to the more war-like pursuits of his ancestor, and he was especially interested in dialect. In 1859 he went down to Dorset, and met William Barnes, then still a schoolmaster in Dorchester, but soon to be promoted rector of the village of Came. According to the biography of the poet's daughter "Leader Scott", Prince Lucien:¹

took him for a drive to Weymouth, and they talked philology all the day ... (The Prince) had collected specimens of all the dialects of Italy and France, and now wanted to add all the English ones. The subject chosen for his comparisons was a curious one 'The Song of Solomon', which he had caused to be translated into scores of different dialects.

The 'curious selection' of *The Song of Solomon* may have been because this Old Testament book is short — only eight chapters; but, short though it is, there are some poetic passages in it that might call out dialect resources; and there is a diversified vocabulary.

Predictably, Barnes was commissioned to translate *The Song of Solomon* into the Dorset dialect. By 1859 he was an acknowledged expert on the dialect of Dorset. His *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, of 1841, had run to a second edition; and 1859 was also to see the publication of a second collection of dialect poems, *Hwomely Rhymes*. The little booklet that is Barnes' translation of *The Song of Solomon*² has a brief, but characteristically learned Introduction; for Barnes was a considerable comparative philologist, who in 1853 had published a *Philological Grammar*, European in scope. There was nothing he liked better than to compare the 'little language' of Dorset with the structures and trends observable in European language as a whole. For example, he notes the tendency, which Dorset shares with other South-Western dialects, to add an additional 'y' suffix to intransitive infinitives; as 'Can ye mowy?' meaning 'Can you mow in general?' Others, of course, must have noted this; but only Barnes would or could point out that there were parallels in 'the Magyar tongue'.

As in his poems, Barnes uses diacritical marks to point out subtle distinctions of pronunciation found in Dorset dialect and not in standard English; as for example *pail* and *pale*, which he represents as *pāil* and *peāle* respectively. Clearly we are dealing here with no amateur tinkerer with dialect, but with a professional linguist. I wondered how far, incidentally, such distinctions are maintained in more recent dialect, and found, on consulting the *Survey of English Dialects*,³ that they were still extant in the nineteen-fifties, when the fieldwork for this Survey was done. As a parallel to *pale*, I looked up the word *bacon*, and found a choice of [e:] or [ɛ:] for the first vowel; both

being about equally distributed in Dorset (SED III 12.4). For the sound of *pail*, we have one of Barnes' favourite words, *maïdens*, and this is commonly pronounced in Dorset, but not in the other South-Western counties, as [maidnz]. The impression is of a diphthong similar to Cockney in this instance (SED VIII 1.3).

The science of phonetics was not fully developed in 1859; and Barnes does not make things easier by choosing, or rather inventing, terms for philological matters which air his predilection for Old English roots. Thus in the Introduction to *The Song of Solomon* he describes what we should now call South-Western voicing of [f], [s], and [th], to [v], [z], and [d], as a Dorset preference for 'soft kins-letters'. This voicing is, predictably, a prominent feature of the translation: 'to *veed* in the geärdens, an 'gather the lilies' (V12) 'to *zee* if the vine wer in blooth' (VI 11); 'Look at the bed that is Solomon's; round en be *dreescore* o' warriors' (III 7).

In one particular the Dorset dialect tends to preserve a state of affairs that must have been characteristic of more metropolitan English in the eighteenth century, when certain words with originally different diphthongs like *bile* and *boil* tended to fall together in the same sound. Thus, for 'excellent as the cedars' (Authorised Version V 15) Barnes has '*chaïce* as the cedars'. Similarly 'sweet is your *vaïce*' (II 14) and 'How fear an' how winnen be you, O my true-love, vor *jaÿs*' (VII 6). The pronunciation in these three instances must be the diphthong [ai]. Very occasionally, a rhyme in Barnes' poetry bears out this sound:

Zome geäme; but yet, by chap and *maïd*
The dancen were the mwore *injaÿ'd*

(Fanny's Bethday)

In addition, Barnes has another spelling for this sound, in words like *spoil* and *soil*: 'O catch us the foxes *a-spweilen* the vines' (II 15); 'I've a-washed my two veet; how can I *sweil* 'em' (V 3). It is interesting that the *Survey of English Dialects* gives, for the word *boiling*, such Dorset variants as [bailən] and [bwailən]; and the second sound here may approximate to that which Barnes intended to render in the spelling *spweilen* (SED V 8.6).

As Bernard Jones points out in his authoritative edition of Barnes' poetry,⁴ the diphthong [ou] of standard English has two variant spellings in Barnes' dialect writings: a high vowel, rendered *oo*; and an alternative diagraph *wo*. Both spellings occur in *The Song of Solomon*. For the first of these sounds, we might take a famous passage:

Many waters can never quench love, nor floods drown it. If a
man would gi'e all the wealth ov his house vor love, it
would all *goo* vor nothen.

And an equally well-known passage for the second:

I be the *rwose* o' Sharon, an' the lily o' the valleys.

II 1

It is not difficult to establish these two sounds as continuing. The *Survey of English Dialects* has several Dorset examples of the phrase [gu: tə sku:l] for 'go to school' (SED VIII 6.1); and for the second sound *The Linguistic Atlas of England*⁵ has Dorset variants of (*over*)*coat* in the forms [kwət] and [ku:ət]. Some such sound may well have been intended by the spelling *rwose*.

Dialecticians like to stress those occasional instances where dialect is more logical than standard English; and Barnes is no exception. Translating AV IV 5, 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins', he writes 'Your two breasts be lik' a twin o' young roes'. For the explanation of this, we need to turn to the posthumously published *A Glossary of the Dorset Dialect, with a Grammar*⁶ where *twin* is defined as 'a twain; a two', with the note: "Rightly Dorset says 'John and Joe be a twin', not twins (twains) which must be at least four."

The simple tenses, present and past, are less numerous in the Dorset version than in the Authorised Version. This is partly because the unemphatic *do*, now obsolete in standard English, still survives in South-Western dialects. This old construction was available to the translators of the Authorised Version, but it was by no means so common, we may conjecture, in seventeenth-century London English as in nineteenth-century Dorset. Accordingly, where the Authorised Version has 'I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem', Barnes writes 'I *do warn* ye, Jerusalem's da'ters' (II 7). 'The daughters saw her, and blessed her' becomes 'The daughters *did see* her an' bless her' (VI 9).

The present tense with a seemingly redundant *do* is a very likely occurrence in a Dorset version. What is less predictable is the frequent appearance of expanded tenses. Consider the following examples:

AV Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness? III 6

B Who's *a-comen on* out o' the wilderness?

AV He standeth behind our wall. II 9

B He's *a-standen* behind our wall.

AV Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love

B Refresh me we' ceākes, uphold me wi' apples; vor I be *a-pinen* vor love.

We find, in the *Glossary and Grammar* (p.23) that Barnes makes full allowance for this tense in the dialect. After all, it has a good pedigree (though as a matter of fact, the idiom is rare in Old English). 'I was a-hunting', Barnes explains, is from 'Saxon-English', 'ic wæs on huntunge'. He calls this tense — *i.e.* what is now called the expanded tense — the Present

Actual, as distinct from the Present Habitual with *do*. Thus *I'm a-meäken* is contrasted with the habitual *I do meäke*. It is a distinction that can still just be observed in places, amid the retreating dialects of the South-West. Barnes' use of the term 'Actual' is a remarkable anticipation of some recent studies of the expanded tense, which have stressed their effect of lending immediacy and actuality to the verb.

The prefix *a-* is used, in addition, to form a perfect tense in the dialects of the South-West. This has a quite different ancestry, but at least as good a one, from the Germanic participial prefix *ge-*. Barnes discusses this in the Introduction to *The Song of Solomon*:

The perfect participles of verbs have, with some exceptions, a form of the Teutonic augment or affix 'a-'; in Chaucer 'i-' or 'y-', in German 'ge-'. Compare 'Have ye a-vound'; in German 'Haben Sie gefunden'.

To clinch this point, Barnes quotes a line from Chaucer, with one made up from the Dorset dialect:

Chaucer: Whan Hector was i-brought all fresh i-slain.

Dorset: When Hector was a-brought all fresh a-slain.

Examples from *The Song of Solomon* are 'the zun have *a-burnt* me so dark' (I 6), 'the rain's *a-gone* by' (II 11); and similarly with past participles on their own 'A *geärden a-lock'd* is my sister, my bride; a *geärden a-locked*, and a spring *a-sealed* up'. Here the Authorised Version runs: 'A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed' (AV IV 12).

Perhaps it was because Barnes was a devout son of the Church, and already, in 1859, in holy orders, that he is, one feels, somewhat unadventurous in his dealings with Holy Writ. Here he is translating perhaps the best-known passage in *The Song of Solomon*. I follow the Authorised Version with Barnes' translation:

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. II 11

Vor lo, the winter is awver, the rain's a-gone by. The flowers do show on the ground; the zong o' the birds is a-come, and the coo o' the culver's a-heärd in our land.

Barnes, it will be seen, sticks fairly closely to the Authorised Version. Prince Lucien's choice of translator for East Devon, one George Palmer, is a good deal more free:

Vor the wenter, yeue zee, 's a-gone bai, th' wet taim'e's a-pas'. Th'vlowers sprout' th' vwoath in th'grown', -- the taim'e's a-kim'd roun' ver th' whistlin' o' birds, and th' craw o' the culver's a-yird vur un naigh.

Nevertheless, in Barnes' version, a number of dialect words appear: 'our vines have tender grapes' becomes '*neesh* grapes' (II 15); 'to see whether the vine flourished' becomes 'to zee if the vine war *in blooth*' (VI 11); 'in the secret places of the cliffs'

becomes 'in the *lewth* o' the cliffs' (II 14); 'We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts' become 'We've a sister, but small, wi' noo *tetties*' (VIII 8). No doubt Barnes would have been pleased to derive these words back to Old English: *nesce*, **blup* *hleowp*, *titt*. For in the Introduction to *The Song of Solomon* he boasts: 'The Dorset dialect is a rather pure form of Saxon-English.' It was a claim that he was always keen to substantiate.

1. *The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist*, by "Leader Scott" (Lucy Baxter). London, 1887, p.183.
2. *The Song of Solomon in the Dorset Dialect*, by William Barnes. London, 1859. (An edition limited to 250 copies, and consequently very scarce. A copy can be read in the British Library).
3. *Survey of English Dialects: The Southern Counties* (3 vols), ed. Harold Orton and Martyn Wakelin. Leeds, 1967-8.
4. *The Poems of William Barnes* ed. Bernard Jones. London, 1962 (2 vols), vol. 1 Appendix, p. xxix.
5. *The Linguistic Atlas of England* ed. Harold Orton, Stewart Sanderson and John Widdowson. Leeds, 1978, Phonology Map 136.
6. *A Glossary of the Dorset Dialect with a Grammar of the Word Shapening and Wording*, by William Barnes. Dorchester and London, 1886, p.113.

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Note: The Anglo-Saxon 'th', as in 'thorn' or 'thin' was not available in type, and has been printed as 'p' in 'blup' and 'hleowp'.

280. WILLIAM BARNES AND THE BROTHERS GRIMM. Among the tale-types which Aarne and Thompson place under the general heading of The Foolish Man and his Wife is No. 1405, *The Lazy Spinning Woman*, which they see as consisting of two motifs:

The woman hidden in the bushes calls out to her husband, who is cutting wood: "Whoever cuts wood for a spinning wheel will die; whoever uses the wheel will be destroyed." The man becomes worried and no longer keeps her at the reel [K1971.4.1]. When they boil the yarn, she places tow in the kettle and makes the husband believe that through his carelessness the yarn has turned into tow [J2325]. He speaks to her no more of spinning.¹

The second of these two motifs seems to have found its way to Dorset, where it was recorded by William Barnes as follows:

A tale (*valeat quantum*) was formerly told of an idle wife in Blackmore, who took in wool to card, and after too long a time had carded only two or three rollers; and began to fear a scolding from her husband, who knew not as yet the truth of the wool, but believed in the witchcraft of Gammer, A.B. In the night she aroused her man with "O, I've ahad twice the seāme dream that A.B. had bewitched all my rollers back again into loose wool. I'm sure it must true. Do now step down an' zee." John did so, and came back with "'Tis true enough. The rollers be out again in loose wool all but two or dree, an' they be so slack that they'll soon volly the rest."²

Chameleon-like, the tale, which possibly reached Dorset via Central or Northern Europe,³ has adapted well to its new environment. Note, for instance, how the superstitious dread of the husband is aroused by his wife's allusion to witchcraft, belief in which was rife in the county, as Barnes himself well knew. Compare the Grimms' version, 'The Lazy Spinner', with its different motivation. Here the man is made to believe that he is responsible for the spoiling of the wool, since before he can

get to it the cock crows — something his wife had specially warned him against.⁴

Barnes was of course familiar with some aspects of Jacob Grimm's work,⁵ and shared many of his interests, but he was probably not aware of having recorded a tradition which the Grimms had collected several decades earlier, nor that in doing so he had touched on another common concern: the zeal for popular tradition.

The two-hundredth anniversary of Jacob Grimm's birth was celebrated in 1985, and the bicentenary of his brother Wilhelm is to be marked in 1986. (Wilhelm died in 1859, Jacob in 1863.) It is therefore perhaps fitting that in 1986, also the centennial year of Barnes's death, attention should be drawn to the affinity between him and the German scholars, an affinity which finds expression in their shared sense of tradition linked with social awareness, their studious concern of lore and language, and their ability to arouse enthusiasm and affection in those who delve into their work.

1. Antti Aarne & Stith Thompson, *The Types of the Folktale*, second revision (Helsinki, 1973), p.414.
2. William Barnes, *A Glossary of the Dorset Dialect with a Grammar* (1886; St. Peter Port, 1970), p.120.
3. At least, no version appears to have been recorded west of Germany, apart from one in Ireland. See Aarne & Thompson, loc. cit.
4. Bruder Grimm, *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*, seventh edition (1857), No. 128, 'Die faule Spinnerin'. The story was already in vol. 2 of the first edition (1815). It had been collected near Kassel in 1813.
5. See for instance the reference to Grimm's Law, Barnes, *op. cit.*, p.15.

J. B. SMITH

281. WILLIAM BARNES: A TRANSLATION FROM THE WELSH. Amongst William Barnes's Verse Translations are Englishings of pieces from Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian and other poets. Like his collected prose, Barnes's *Verse Translations* has long been ready for publication, and the book shows the rare breadth of Barnes's mind and learning. Some translations of Persian poems were printed from it as long ago as 1956. Here is another extract, this time from Welsh poetry.

The 'tale' goes that the Romans 'civilised' Britain. Latin writers chronicled the period, and we know something of it from what they wrote. When, after more than 400 years (a span of time equal to the more than 400 years since Shakespeare died), the last Roman Legions left to protect Rome — so runs the 'tale', which is certainly not the whole truth — the 'dark ages' fell upon Britain. The 'light' came back only in the time of Alfred the Great, another 400 years on, and from that time forward there is an unbroken account of our history.

In spite of all (including the 'tale'), the light of Christianity was never wholly put out. And if we want to know the secular

happenings of those ages, there is a wealth of historical and poetic writing to turn to. This wealth, however, happens to be written neither in Latin — with one telling exception — nor in Old English. It was written in Welsh. The British Isles that Julius Caesar settled in were peopled by Britons, a group of Celtic tribes. Fierce as they were in war, they had a highly developed culture of their own, and were always ready with poetry and saga. The Romans did not try to kill this culture and it went on flowering through the Roman occupation, the 'dark ages,' and lives on today. William Barnes was one of the earliest scholars to study these Old Welsh writings alongside those in Latin and Old English.

Here, it is wise to sound a warning. Barnes worked from Welsh texts that had been established before the masterly forgeries of Iolo Morganwg (or Edward Williams, 1747-1826) had been laid bare. The business of 'Julius of Glamorgan' is dealt with at length in the Forewords to *The Verse Translations*. In short, one need say only that Barnes's unawareness was shared by Welsh scholars who worked before G. J. Williams's findings became known well on in the twentieth century.

The Britons left behind by the Romans spoke Celtic or Welsh. The Legions left them not only to protect Rome itself, but because the whole Roman Empire, of which Britain was a part — its *Ultima Thule* — was being harassed from the east by heathen tribes — Goths, Vandals, Franks, Huns among them. In the north, Britain had for over a hundred years been harried by the northernmost of the tribes, worshippers of Woden and Thor, that, as a group, may be called Nordic. They came from Scandinavia, the Baltic shores, and northern Germany. Over 300 years after the Legions sailed, the plight of 'Inys Prydain,' as the Welsh called Britain, is set down neatly by Bede. Writing in Latin, he named his best known book *The Ecclesiastical History of the English People*. The land of those people, however, he calls in his first sentence 'Britain.' Bede's *History* is not for an age but for all time. He chiefly sought to show Christianity bringing together in peace people of all tribes and races. Even so, he could not leave out of his book accounts of tribal and inter-tribal quarrels in these islands, and above all he is a fair witness to the golden age of art and culture in Northumbria, an English culture.

Bede's *History* (c.735) shows that Wessex was already an established power. By the ninth century, it had become the leading power in the land. It had by no means stretched out its boundaries, as it was to do in the second half of the century, and again, later, when Athelstan took over the Danelaw of East Anglia. At one time, indeed, Alfred fled as far west as Sedgemoor. But although he later pushed the Danes back beyond his capital at Winchester and rebuilt London, Alfred's

greatness lies in his belief in scholarship. He found his people bereft of former glories and unaware of their own past. He therefore invited scholars to gather all that was known of it, and the outcome was a martyrology and *The Anglo Saxon Chronicle*. The latter set out to list the known happenings of each year. Against many years nothing was listed. The work was compiled by Alfred's scribes. Copies were then made and sent to various monasteries for safe keeping. Some of these found their way as far north as Evesham and Yorkshire. The continuation of the *Chronicle* from Alfred's time onward was undertaken by scholars in the monasteries. One such *Chronicle* was still being kept in Old English in 1155 — nearly 150 years after the Norman Conquest.

Here one must pause. In summarising the confusions of over a thousand years, generalisations have been made to which any number of exceptions must be allowed. But it is hoped that the general picture will help an understanding of Barnes's translation of part of one Old Welsh poem.

For a general history of Wales, indeed, there is no room, even if a short sketch were possible. Every body knows that Barnes took a Welsh holiday in 1831, and came back spell bound. His Welsh scholarship became such that it makes George Borrow (Borrow's *Wild Wales* came out in the same year — 1862 — as Barnes's third and last collection of poems in West Country notation) seem like a mere beginner. One outcome of Barnes's first short holiday in Wales was a belief that Welsh was then a 'pure' speech. As a generalisation, let us say that by 'purity' Barnes meant a speech that more or less kept out words from other languages. In this belief, Barnes year after year worked for a 'purer' English. Welsh is a Celtic speech, English a Teutonic. Barnes, therefore, delved into hidden places in which earlier — and therefore 'purer' — shapings of English might still be found. Thus was he led to dialects other than those of London and the home counties. Thus, indeed, it came about in 1833 that Barnes wrote the first of his poems to be written in West Country notation. And so, too, it comes about that Barnes is mocked for Teutonising English, having been led so to do by his belief that he had found 'purity' in Welsh. This is as paradoxical as the widely held belief that Barnes's Teutonisms are outlandish. Those who speak of 'ornithology' speak an outlandish word. Barnes's 'birdlore' is in the grain of clear English. One must not go further along this path here, but show instead the good use that Barnes made of his scholarship.

Barnes's Old English was good enough for him to compile a small book for teaching it in schools. It was reprinted long after Barnes had stopped teaching, and is quite as good as Sweet's *Primer*, which many remember still. *The Anglo Saxon Chronicle*, therefore, was easy reading for him. There, against

the year AD 501 he read:

'Port landed at Portsmouth, and slew, in battle with the Britons, a young Briton of high birth.'

(Translation as given by Barnes)

This is brief — so much for AD 501. Yet Alfred's scholars must have found it worth setting down, even though, writing 300 years after the landing, they were short of details. This landing was only one among scores in the Anglo Saxon settlement of Britain, and as such it earned no more than 'brief mention.' That is what it had come to mean to the Anglo Saxons — nothing more.

To the Britons who were overcome at Portsmouth in AD 501, however, this death marked a high tragedy. It stood out among the string of blow upon blow that robbed them of their birthright. They were not likely to let slip out of mind the name of the kinsman of 'high birth' and what his death meant to them. Barnes's knowledge of Welsh literature led him to a poem about the unhappy end of this 'kingling of Cornwall,' as he calls him. The poem takes the shape of a string of triplets, 'the measure of the "Warriors' Triplet"', (*Triban Milwr*), as Barnes words it, and he translated most of these triple rhymes:

*In Llongborth the slaying of Geraint,
A brave man of woody Dyvnaint,
Foe of the Saxon, friend of Saint.*

In Llongborth saw I strife begun,
With men rage, and blood to run
Before Geraint, his sire's great son.

At Llongborth saw I warriors led
To onsets, with their feet blood-red:
'Who helps Geraint, haste on ahead!'

Before Geraint, the foemen's dread,
I saw the steeds with foam bespread,
And then a shout, and then the dead.

In Llongborth were to Arthur slain
His brave steelwielders of his reign,
The lord and wielder of the train.

The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, on barley fed;
As brushfire on the hills they sped.

The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, with grain in highest plight,
All bay, and swift as eagles white.

The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain well fed,
And bay, as swift as eagled red.

The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, and with their grain full gay,
And bay, as swift as eagles gray.

The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
High-hammed, and wheat-fed, sleek of hide,
And bay, as swift as eagles pied.

The steeds were fleet, Geraint's high seat,
Of lofty hams, with grain supplied,
And gray, with manes in silver tied.

The first triplet given here has been made up from scraps of Barnes's translations of the poem. As Barnes did not put them together as a triplet, some readers may wish not to take them as part of the translation at all.

To the hazy sentence of *The Anglo Saxon Chronicle*, Barnes brings in light and feeling from his knowledge of Bardic Literature. 'Llongborth', says Barnes, means Portsmouth, 'The Ship Haven.' The 'young Briton of high birth' is named — Geraint — and Welsh chronicles (*Bruts*) tell us that he was 'Ab Erbin' — the son of Erbin, of Celliweg's line. As the date is AD 501, does the naming of Arthur give a key to a 'real' King Arthur? In the patchwork triplet I have given 'Dyvnaint' instead of Barnes's 'Devon,' but only because Barnes himself uses 'Dyvnaint' in another Arthur translation, and here he does not weaken his poem by putting in 'Portsmouth' for 'Llongborth.' 'Dyvnaint' means 'The Depths,' or 'Dingles.' It may seem that Barnes carelessly calls Geraint a 'kingling of Cornwall.' We are not dealing with county boundaries, however, but with people living within a hundred years of the Roman withdrawal, when the whole of *Inys Prydain* spoke Welsh. At the time of the death of Geraint Ab Erbin, Portsmouth was part of Welsh speaking Britain, and 'Llongborth' is therefore a helpful reminder. Likewise, 'Dyvnaint' is not a mistake for Cornwall.

Nor is this all. The Welsh still call the English 'Saeson' (Scots use 'Sassenach'). Themselves the Welsh call 'Cymru' ('Kindred,' perhaps). The Saxon 'Wealas' stands for any 'foreigners.' 'Cornwall' is a freakish cross breed. A look at a map shows that in shape Cornwall is like the horn of an animal. 'Corn ———' is a horn shape, as in 'coronet.' For Barnes, the speech of the 'wealas' of the 'horn' was a British shape of Celtic Welsh spoken more or less throughout the southern half of *Inys Prydain*, akin to, but not wholly the same as, Cambrian Celtic spoken in what we now call Wales. And if one thinks of the 'southern half of *Inys Prydain*,' the boundaries seem remarkably like those of tenth century Wessex. This Celtic speech of the 'horn' Barnes called 'Cornoak,' and it was said to have died with the fishwife Dolly Pentreath in the eighteenth century. Barnes none the less pencilled scraps of translation from Cornish miracle plays. Cornwall now seeks to win back its own culture and speech.

Little has been said of the 'poetry' of *The Verse Translations*.

As an English composition these triplets read as a fitting passing on of the spirit of the heroic age. The repetitions ('*resumption*,' or, in Welsh, '*cymmeriad*') come from the Old Welsh text. One hazards a guess that such pieces are songs that have outlasted sagas in which they were embedded, and that they were performed in a highly stylised way. As long as one does not say that performance was 'like' that of Greek plays, the hint may give a little insight into the possible formalism of epic art. Barnes, of course, had thoughts on such things. However, we cannot here embark on the study of how to 'read rightly' and catch all the notes of the mysteries of a bygone culture.

This is only one of the Welsh pieces from Barnes's *Verse Translations*. There are, of course, more, some of which indeed share links that could not have been fully understood in Barnes's time. He made fitting translations of them none the less. The care that Barnes bestowed on these Welsh translations should give pause to those who see the poet as some latter day wild Saxon. He knew what he was talking about. Beneath the Saxon overlay of Wessex lies a Celtic layer, and no one was more eagle eyed than Barnes to spot etymologies that after some 1,000 to 1,500 years still break through the Wessex topsoil. *William Barnes's Wessex* is neither fanciful nor fictional. It is founded on knowledge both wide and deep. If this at first seem only historical, second thoughts on such a piece as the one given here hint that he also had a sound insight into the mind and culture of people who walked the ground far away in time.

BERNARD JONES

282. A LETTER FROM GEORG CHRISTOPH LICHTENBERG TO WILLIAM HERSCHEL. Georg Christoph Lichtenberg (1742-99), who, having studied mathematics and science, in 1770 became an assistant professor and in 1775 professor ordinarius at Gottingen University, is best known as a representative of the Enlightenment in Germany, and his aphorisms, diaries and satires are of outstanding importance. In 1770 and from 1774 to 1775 he was in England, where he won the favour of George III, and these visits led him to write commentaries on English life, and on the engravings of Hogarth. Nearly 800 letters, many of them to distinguished men of letters and science, have also survived. The one I have translated here is the first of several to William Herschel.¹ It is concerned among other things with Herschel's discovery of the planet Uranus (1781), and with the reception of his work in Germany, but it is also of interest for Lichtenberg's impressions of Bath.

Gottingen, 12th January 1783

Sir,

I thank you most kindly for the excellent present which you made me, through the agency of Mr. Magellan,² in your treatise on the parallax of

the fixed stars. The accuracy with which you carry out your observations was up to now unheard of in astronomy, and you can rest assured that you are named with pride in Germany. For me the courage, with which you set about investigating things anew that have generally been regarded as settled, has been a particular delight; if the other branches of science were to be approached in the same spirit of inquiry, it would become clear how little is as yet settled in the world.

Since 6 September of this year,³ as often as the weather has permitted, I have constantly observed your new Georgium sidus, not from the observatory here, in which I have no part, but from my house, and I have the pleasure of being, at least in a surrounding area of 50 to 60 German square miles, the only one to have found it. Herr Bode of Berlin,⁴ a young and diligent astronomer, has, not without good reason, given this celestial body the name Uranus. Mayer of Mannheim,⁵ to whom you refer in your treatise,⁶ estimates it to be as large as Saturn; I am therefore very eager to know how great you have found its diameter to be.

Now I must venture a request, and I hope that in your kindness you will not refuse it me. The younger Forster,⁷ that accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage, and I are joint editors of a journal entitled *Gottingisches Magazine der Wissenschaften und Litteratur*, which is read with approval by better circles in Germany, and some of our greatest scholars have furnished me with contributions for it. Since all eyes now rest upon you, the whole of the German public would be indebted to you, if you would acquaint us with the main circumstances of *your life*, in, say, a communication to myself.⁸ This I beg of you, not in my name alone, but in the name of all my friends here, for whom astronomy and the lives of the astronomers are a matter of concern. Something of the sort must surely be done at last, and I would regard it as an especial sign of your friendship if you would honour me with the first account. For I fear that information which is false, or picked up here and there, is soonest spread abroad.

Dear God, if I had only known in October 1775, when I was staying for a few days in Bath, that such a man lived there! As I am no friend of tea-rooms and card-playing and balls, I found it not a little tedious there, and in the end spent part of my time on the tower with my telescope.⁹ I still remember with glee the answer of a boy that I had with me on the tower, when I asked him whether there were not any people in Bath who knew about books, or were otherwise distinguished and of whom he had heard more than others. I did it in jest, and was suitably rewarded: *He knew of nobody but his schoolmaster*. Do you already possess the catalogue of stars and the charts which Bode has published in Berlin? They are in my opinion the best and most complete to be found. If you command me to do so, I will dispatch them to you

1. The translation is based on the German text as given in Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, *Schriften und Briefe*, IV (Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1967), 493-95.
2. Joao Hyacinte de Magellan (1722-90) was a Portuguese physicist, one of the most noted members of the Royal Society in London.
3. The reference is obviously to 1782.
4. Johann Elert Bode (1747-1826) was to become Director of the Berlin Observatory in 1786.
5. Christian Mayer (1719-83) was Court Astronomer at Mannheim.
6. The reference is presumably to William Herschel, 'Account of a Comet', in *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, 71 (1781), 492-501, facsimile rpt. Bath: The William Herschel Society, 1981.

7. After accompanying his father on Cook's second circum-navigation of the globe (1772-75), Johann Georg Forster (1754-94) achieved distinction as a scientist and man of letters, but was outlawed as a leader of the Mainz republicans, and died in penury.
8. Herschel complied on 15.2.1783 with an account in English, which was translated by Lichtenberg and appeared in the same year in the *Göttingisches Magazin*.
9. Lichtenberg does not name the tower from which he carried out his observations. In another letter, incidentally, he refers to Bath as "the most beautiful place I have seen in England, or almost anywhere else". See Lichtenberg, *op.cit.*, p.248.

J. B. SMITH

283. BREWCOMBE. In a paper entitled *The Bounds of Selwood*, published by the Frome Society for Local Study in 1978, mention was made of a perambulation of the royal demesne wood of Brucombe, later known as Brewcombe, among the muniments of the Marquess of Bath at Longleat (Longleat MS.5456). The boundaries and description of this little known royal hunting box are of some interest and are published here for the first time.

Brewham Lodge, as it came to be called, is first mentioned in the 1298 perambulation of Selwood Forest which refers to 'The gate to the hall of the Lord King'¹ which was there before the lands of Witham Charterhouse were enclosed from the forest. Bruton Priory had to give up its chapel at Witham when the Carthusian house was founded and recorded that their monastery was compensated by King Henry II with rights 'in the wood which is called Bryncoumbe'.² In 1248 Henry III gave Bruton Priory 'two horse-loads of dead wood every day in his demesne wood in the forest of Selwode' and, in 1252, permission to have '70 hogs at mast in his demesne wood in Bruwcombe'.³ As Brewcombe was in the centre of the forest it does not figure in any of the perambulations and the document under discussion is the first detailed description of the property and its extent. It is written on paper, damaged in places (which has led to several *lacunae*), in a distinctive but execrable hand and poorly spelt even by the free standards of the day. If the author, William Hartgill, was no scholar, at least he had the advantage of knowing the district well. He lived nearby at Kilmington and was not only keeper of Brewcombe Wood but steward to the Duke of Somerset for Maiden Bradley Woods and also steward to Lord Stourton. Hartgill is described as 'a surly, dogged, crosse fellowe'.⁴ Like so many of his generation he was greedy for land and rents and not over scrupulous in how he obtained them. Eventually he fell foul of his neighbour and erstwhile employer, Charles, Lord Stourton, who had Hartgill and his son murdered at Stourton in 1557.⁵ The survey is undated but must have been drawn up after Feb. 1547, when the Earl of Hertford was created Duke of Somerset, but before

4 Dec. 1550, when Elizabeth FitzJames, Lady of South Brewham, died.⁶ It is endorsed: 'Brucombe wood whereof Mr. Hartgill ys Keper' and in a later hand 'Selwood'.⁷

The Kyngs grounde and wood caulled Brucombe within the Foreste of Selwood of whiche Willm. Hartgyll is Keper.

Brucombe

The bounds of the kyngs Majesties grounde and wodde within the Foreste of Selwood within the countie of Somerset beginnyth at the northe parte of the same grounde at a place caulled Shepysnede hyll whiche is adioinaunte to the dyche and hedge of a grounde or wood there caulled the holtte parcell of the possessions of the right hyghe and myghtie Prynce the nobull and most vycoryous Duke of Somerset And from thens as the said hedge and Dyche goith westward to a pasture of the saide noble Dukys caulled the Drove and so by the dyche and pale of the same pasture unto a stile there beinge caulled Durnestyle and from there alonge westward as the kyngs highway goythe to north bruham by can wood beinge parcell of the Manor of northbruham afforesaide nowe beinge the lands of Sir Moryse Berkeley knyght lyinge within the same Foreste Unto the hede of a ded lake caulled Redmore lake unto a grounde or pasture caulled Byxhill adioinaunte to the grete water beinge the inherytaunce of Elyzabethe FytzJames wedewe and from thens as the saide water Rennythe Estward to a ded lake goinge Southward by Byxhyll as the same lake Rennythe by the grounde and wood of the saide Elyzabethe and from thens to Gybbys Rydyng and so streyght to a lake adioinaunte to the holmette and from thens to the myddell of kyngesetylwey to the hight of the hyll there adioinaunte to the grounde of the saide Elyzabeth beinge parcell of here Manor of South Bruham within the saide countie And from thens as the wey lyeth in the Estesye of wylkyns castell apone the top of the hyll northwarde as the same wey goyth alonge by the Manor of Kylmyngton beinge of the possessions of the Lord Stourton unto Shepysnede hyll aforesaid [thens? — *lacuna*] Sowthe [*lacuna*] of the said hol [tt where the? — *lacuna*] fyrste bounde began as the wey ledythe that men call the old Fysshern wey.

Within whiche compace there is of pasture grounde and woodds viijC akers and ijC akers of them and more be well sett and Replenysshed with old okes of a meane bygnes and amongyste them but lytle tymber and the Resydewe of the same grounde is sett with leke okys sklenderly and with old thornys byrches mapulls hacells wethis and holys and also some Aysshes. Whiche wood and lytle tymber I do esteme to be worthe Fyve hundrithe marks yf it stode as it nowe dowthe and the grounde beinge within no Foreste. And I esteme every aker of the said grounde yf it were in Severaltie worthe by the yere viijd beinge owte of the Foreste.

There lithe Dyvers townshippys that is to say Kylmyngton, Southbruham Northbruham and Pen all oonly that by prescryptyon have comyn in all the Kyngs grounde afforesaide excepted oonly in the lodge close which is in grounde abought a xvj akers in whiche there standethe a pretye lodge tyled and moted abowth.

Memorandum that owte of the Manor of Kylmyngton is payed yerely to the keper of that walke at the fest of Saynt John babptiste as for a Rent viijs and vjs viijd for oon woodoorte den' (*sic*) and also xij busshells of whete.

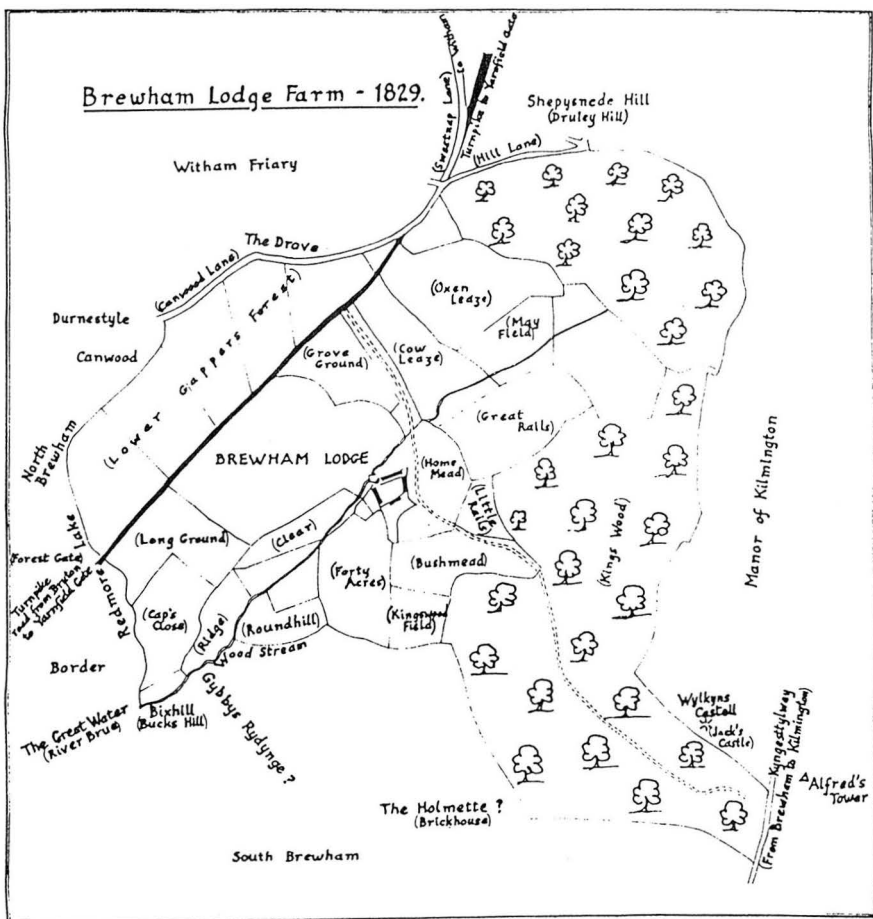
Item owte of the Manors of northbruham and Southe Bruham viijs and (*sic*) the sayde fest And in tyme past owte of Pen oon quarter of Ootys at the fest above wretyn.

Some of the place-names mentioned in the perambulations are no longer extant, but the actual boundaries do not appear to have changed between 1550 and 1829 when Brewham Lodge Farm was surveyed for Sir Richard Colt Hoare, of Stourhead.⁸ The accompanying plan is based on this survey. The bounds begin at Shepysnede Hill, now called Druley Hill, but the old name survives in Sweetnap Farm on its northern slope. The pre-turnpike road can still be traced as a track through West End Wood from Druley to the bottom of 'private drive' which climbs up through the woods to Yarnfield Gate.⁹ This is called in the Witham Charter *Sepsnedesweia*. The Holt, now called Witham Park, lay to the east of Shepysnede Hill on the other side of the old road through West End Wood. It was valued by Hartgill and John Horner in 1544 and found to contain 862 acres, the valuation being delivered to Lord Hertford, as Somerset then was.¹⁰ Holt Farm and Upper Holt commemorate it.

From Shepysnede the Brewcombe boundary followed Canwood Lane, still traceable today, besides the ditch and bank which had enclosed the lands of Witham Charterhouse. The Drove is the lane itself which was of considerable width. Durnstyle may be the point at which Canwood Lane entered North Brewham or a spot adjoining where a track branched off eastwards towards the monastic farm known as New Hitchings (now The Hermitage). In 1812 a wood here was known as Dunman's copse. Canwood is still the name of a farm close to the boundary. The ground here is very wet making Redmore ('reed' moor) an understandable field name, although it has not come down to us. A stream (= lake) rises on the boundary. Hartgill presumably took his survey in summer, hence the stream was 'dead' or dried up. This is the Redmore stream which flows down to its confluence with the River Brue via Forest Gate, where the modern road from Bruton to Maiden Bradley enters Brewcombe, forming the boundary all the way. At the point where the Redmore stream meets the Brue is Byxhill, called on the South Brewham tithe map of 1839 Buck's Hill. A stream runs down the boundary here from King's Wood Warren. Gybbys Riding has vanished, but it evidently refers to some track, and a footpath from Brewham village to the Lodge crosses the boundary midway between the Brue and the edge of King's Wood.

The ground rises to a height of 800 ft. at Alfred's tower and several names of settlements on the slope underline this: Heaven, Holland and Hilcombe Farms, and holm (*holmr*) sometimes means high dry ground above marshes. However, this is a word of Scandinavian origin and would be unusual in Somerset. It is just possible that Hargill's 'o' should be read as an 'e' — Helmette from Old English *helm*, helmet which came to have a derivative meaning of a roofed shelter for cattle. High

Brewham Lodge Farm - 1829.



on the hillside in about the right place adjoining the boundary of Brewcombe is the site of a vanished farm known as Brickhouse or The Prospect to which there are many references in the Hoare muniments now in the Wilts. R.O. This may have been a shelter on the exposed hillside to which the place named referred. And so to the middle of the road up Kingsettle Hill, described by Celia Fiennes more than a century later as 'a very high steep hill all in a narrow lane cut out of the rocks'.¹¹ The boundary, which had been running southwards now turned east up the hill to the summit. This is the 'wey' which lay to the eastside of Wylkyns Castell, the barrow now known as Jack's Castle.¹² At a spot opposite Alfred's tower, now marked by a stone, it turned north, then north-east and north again, along what is now the county boundary but which in 1550 was the parish and manorial boundary of Kilmington (a Somerset parish until 1896), which extended a long finger of land known as the Hill Grounds to be sandwiched between Stourton and Brewham Lodge. Hartgill mentions a 'wey' here: this was the mediaeval ridgeway known as Huntersway, a forest track which linked Kingsettle and Roddenbury Hills, and of which many traces can be found.¹³ The boundary then meets up with that of Witham Friary on the high ground above Druley (Shepysnede Hill) known in the Middle Ages by the evocative name of *Ruggesclivaheaved* but now merely called The Thicket. This lies south-west of Witham Park (The Holtt). It is not absolutely clear which is the 'old fishern wey'. It might be Canwood Lane but seems more likely to be a name for the road which led down to Witham Friary, now known as Holt Lane. There were extensive fishponds connected with the Carthusian priory there, some of which remain.

Brewham Lodge was sold by the Crown at the time of the disafforestation of Selwood in 1631. The buyer was Lord Cottington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who paid £3,500 for the property. In a family settlement of 1646 it is described as Brewham alias Brewcombe Walk with 800 acres of land and a lodge.¹⁴ It was tithe free and extra-parochial. Francis Cottington sold Brewham Lodge to John Southcote, a wealthy Highgate brewer, in 1757. In 1813 Sir Richard Colt Hoare of Stourhead bought the estate, estimated at 797 acres, from Edmund Southcote for £18,000.¹⁵ Hoare was interested in Brewham Lodge not only to round off his estate but also as an antiquary. He restored the house and set up a tablet with this romantic inscription:

Hasce terras et aedes
in foresta de Selwood
Venationis causa a rege Johanne
olim habitatas,
Richardus Colt Hoare annis 1815-1820
empsit et restauravit.¹⁶

Unfortunately, this stone was eventually taken down and broken. It stood in the cheese room until 1944, after which new owners threw the pieces out.¹⁷ After having been an historic entity since the 13th cent. at least, the Brewcombe demesne was broken up in 1920 when Sir Henry Hoare sold off the outlying portions of his estate. Brewham Lodge Farm was sold to Mr. Jacob Jackson while the woodland, King's Wood and the Warren, were retained by the estate.¹⁸

1. See J. Armitage Robinson, 'The Foundation Charter of Witham Charterhouse', *Proc. Som. Arch. Soc.*, 64, II, 17.
2. See 'Bruton and Montacute Cartularies', *Som. Rec. Soc.*, 8, p.103; so printed, but probably Bryu, not Bryn
3. *Ibid.*, pp. 18-19.
4. The opinion of the Revd. Francis Potter (1594-1678), vicar of Kilmington from 1637. As his father was vicar before him, this view represents genuine local tradition and was recorded by John Aubrey. See *History of the Noble House of Stourton*, by Lord Mowbray, Segrave and Stourton, 1899, I, p.261.
5. See Revd. J. E. Jackson, *Charles Lord Stourton and the Murder of the Hartgills* (1864).
6. 'Some Somerset Manors', *Som. Rec. Soc.*, Extra Series (1931), p.388.
7. The spelling and use of capitals have been retained as in the original. All abbreviations have been extended, except the ambiguous symbol at the end of words which at this period can denote either 's' or 'es'. After 'ok' clearly 'es' is required, but elsewhere (e.g. after 'mark' or 'busshell') it has been left as 's'.
8. 'Terra Horeane', Wilts. RO 383/106.
9. Still so-called, although made over to Somerset County Council as a public highway in 1936. It was made by the 15th Duke of Somerset, a coaching enthusiast, in 1908 to make an easier and more direct way down to his Witham Friary estate than the steep road through West End Wood.
10. From the particulars for grant quoted in Sir Richard Colt Hoare, *Monastic Remains of Witham, Bruton and Stavordale* (1824), App. pp. 125-131.
11. *The Illustrated Journeys of Celia Fiennes 1685-c.1712*, ed. C. Morris (1982), p.43.
12. In the 1830s the woodmen gave the name of Kennewilkins's castle to the earthwork transected by the minor road from Stourton to Penselwood, see Revd. W. Phelps, *History and Antiquities of Somersetshire* (1836), I, p.161. Phelps may, of course, have muddled up the two earthworks.
13. *Bounds of Selwood*, *op. cit.*, pp. 11-12. The route is still shown on Day and Masters' map of Somerset, 1782.
14. Wilts. RO 717/3.
15. *Ibid.*, 383/137.
16. *Monastic Remains*, *op. cit.*, p.41.
17. Information from Mr. Oscar Jackson of Henstridge.
18. I should like to thank the Marquess of Bath and his Librarian, Miss Jane Fowles, for permission to publish this perambulation, Mr. O. B. Morland for drawing the map and Dr. John Harvey for various help.

Frome

MICHAEL McGARVIE

NOTES

THE ARCHIVES OF DORSET: AN EXHIBITION. The Dorset Record Office is commemorating its first thirty years by means of an exhibition of *The Archives of Dorset* mounted in the Dorset County Museum, Dorchester from 8 March to 26 April 1986. The Record Office was established to preserve the archives of Dorset, to make the archives available for research and to encourage the study of local history. Generally it has been the rapidly increasing use of the archives (over 50,000 visits were made to consult Dorset's archives 1955-1985) which has drawn attention. The exhibition seeks to show for the first time something of the great range of material which the Record Office preserves, to increase knowledge of its achievement as a custodian of archives and to reveal documents and record classes which have often received little attention in the past.

Documents have been arranged to chronicle aspects of Dorset's history over the last thousand years and to portray the changing landscape of the county. The Anglo-Saxon period is represented by a display of the five pre-Conquest documents in the Record Office. The oldest is a grant by King Edgar (959-975) of land in Cheselbourne to one Wulfheard in 965, though the Abbotsbury Guild Statutes c.1030-1040 are "important as an illustration of corporate organisation of a particularly religious nature in a small Anglo-Saxon burh"¹.

There are so many documents of charm, beauty and importance on display that it would be impossible to discuss each one. Suffice it to say that the exhibition has other sections to represent Medieval Dorset (the Church, the Manor, the Borough and Hundred), Tudor and Stuart Dorset (Death, Disease and Disorder and the First Pedigrees), eighteenth and nineteenth-century Dorset (the Gentleman Farmer, Law and Order and Building, Rebuilding and Restoration), twentieth-century Dorset (Forms of Communication and Notices and Advertisements) and Dorset maps and map-makers. A complete catalogue is available.

Three recent acquisitions are of special interest. One is a plan of Christchurch and district in 1671. The sketch map shows Christchurch harbour and the location of the town, the church, the mill, the quay and the salthouse. The plan which is cavalier in its treatment of scale includes representation of Hengistbury Head, Hurst Castle and part of the Isle of Wight. The plan was drawn by one William Wilkinson and is endorsed "this Drawet [draft], or Figuer was taken on the 13th daie of July in 1671". It shows "the New Cutt through the barr, Intended" and has a note written on it which says that "as great a quantity of wator maie bee commanded, and added unto theas two Rivors [Avon and Stour]; which yf united would raize the wator from the barr

unto Christchurch bridge, which would prevent the depining of the channell thear” The sketch is drawn in ink on paper and is quite small (495 x 375mm; repaired)².

The Record Office was fortunate in being able to acquire a diary of John Richards of Warmwell 1697-1701. John Richards (1644-1721) was a merchant and country gentleman of a Dorset family. His diary is a charming record of the daily life of a Dorset country gentleman. It records family matters such as the illness of his son and sending his son to school. Richards lapses into Italian when he is irritated with his wife. The diary also records details of the management of his estate, his dealings and dinners with his neighbours, the state of his gout and even the books he read³.

This diary is the companion of another diary 1692-94⁴ and the Record Office also holds a few other records of John Richards⁵. It has been at the centre of great local interest and some mystery for over one hundred years. Extracts from the diary were published by William Barnes in 1849-50 and 1853 to refute Macaulay’s aspersions on the way of life of the Tory squires⁶. Barnes described the diary as being “in the possession of a Gentleman of this county”. But it is clear from the presence of his bookplate, some pencilled notes and a partial index that it formed part of his library. It was lost on the dispersal of his library in 1886 and was the subject of some learned discussion in the intervening years but its location remained unknown until 1984⁷.

The removal of the town of Milton Abbas from the way of Lord Milton’s park is a well-known tale from Dorset’s past. Two maps presented to the Record Office by Hambros Bank Ltd in 1985 and on display in the exhibition show first the Abbey and town before the latter was destroyed and secondly the new park and village. The first is a copy of a map and survey of 1652 drawn for Lord Milton in 1758 and the second is a map of the manor and parish of Hilton and part of Milton Abbas drawn up in 1806 for the Earl of Dorchester⁸.

1. Dorset Record Office: Charter 965 & Guild Statutes c.1030-40 (Fox Strangways (Ilchester) Archive: D.124); *A catalogue of an exhibition of the Archives of Dorset* (Dorset County Council 1986), Anglo-Saxon Dorset by Laurence Keen.
2. D.R.O.: A plan of Christchurch harbour 1671 (Gift of the Wiltshire Record Office: D.934)
3. D.R.O.: Diary of John Richards of Warmwell 1697-1701 (purchase: D.884)
4. D.R.O.: Diary of John Richards of Warmwell 1692-1694 (Pleydell-Railston Archive: D.320/F.65).
5. D.R.O.: Day book 1713-18 (Dorset Natural History & Archaeological Society: D.1/10, 447; Gregory, Rowcliffe & Co. Archive: D/GRO: C 1-20)
6. William Barnes *Poole and Dorsetshire Herald* 1849-50 and *Reprographica* 1853.
7. W. Bowles Barrett *The Pepys of South Dorset* (PDNHAFC XXVIII 1907); E. R. Sykes *John Richards of Warmwell: his family, diary (1697-1701), and day-book (1713-8)* (PDNHAS 65 1943).
8. D.R.O.: Copy made in 1758 of a survey and plan of the manor of Milton Abbey 1652 (Gift of Hambros Bank Ltd: D.919/1); Map of the manor and parish of Hilton with part of Milton Abbas 1806 (as before: D.919/3).

HUGH JAQUES

WARRE SWORD (*SDNQ*, XXXI, 432). By a happy stroke of fortune this sword reappeared in Somerset recently, when it was loaned by the present owner, Mr. Antony Warre of Oakham, Leicestershire, for exhibition in Kingdon St. Mary church in June. Mr. Warre, who is directly descended in the male line from Roger Warre of Hestercombe (d. 1616),¹ has kindly confirmed that Mr. Guppy acquired the sword and that he subsequently took the name Warre. At a later date his son became acquainted with the present Mr. Warre's uncle, both being members of the same Club, and gave or bequeathed the sword to him and he in due course left it to his nephew. It is suggested that the sword belongs to the 17th cent.

1. Burke's *Landed Gentry* (1952) under Warre formerly of Gledfield.

Som. Ed.

THE MASSEY BRIGADE IN THE WEST (*SDNQ*, XXXI, 437). The following corrections should be noted in the columns of signatories to the Petition (p.438): Col 2: 38 William Hilkin; Col. 6: 98 *Job*; Jarheim; 105 *Pto*; Samson and in the alphabetical list of names (p.441) and note 33 (p.443): *Maniford*, John.

Som. Ed.

THE WINDOW INSCRIPTIONS AT MONTACUTE (*SDNQ*, XXXI, 418). Since my paper on these inscriptions appeared, I have had the benefit of further advice and suggestions and should, therefore, like to grasp this opportunity of appending a few corrections and clarifications to the original text.¹

(p.419) Translation of *Felix cui mentis*

Professor W. J. N. Rudd has suggested versions of lines 5 and 16 of the text that are much tighter and more accurate than mine. For example, 'who knows the concerns of the countryside' for *curas qui novit Agrestes* (l.5), and 'acknowledge' for *fateare* (l. 16) are greatly preferable to my 'who cares for his fields' and 'find' respectively. By translating *agrestes* as 'of the countryside' he has kept close to Virgil's *deos agrestes*. The following revised version (from l. 5) incorporates these and other suggestions:

But happy too is the man who knows the concerns of the countryside; who appreciates all the manifold riches of his garden; who has learnt the art of grafting trees that each may thrive in its favourite soil; and who knows which plant is happy in the rich mud and ooze of the pond; which rejoices on the rocky ridges; which shuns the biting cold of the north wind; and which flowers high up in the snowy wastes of Scythia. Do not scorn or grumble about this modest toil; it is shared by the greatest gardener of all. Do not look for Him only amid the stars of heaven: for even in the smallest things of life there is an opportunity to acknowledge God.

(p.420) Text of *In Nat: Matris*

tinget (l.24) should read *tingat*, and could well be a slip of transcribing, like *reformidat* on l.10 of *Felix cui mentis*.

(p.420) Commentary on *amari* in l.6 of *In Nat: Matris*

An alternative to Mr. J. G. Griffith's ingenious solution was put to me by Professor Rudd: '*Surgit amari aliquid* is certainly a problem. In the context of prayers and altars could he have been thinking of pungent smoke? The word is used of *fumus* by Virgil (*Aen.* 12.588) and Ovid (*Ibis* 237).'

(p.421) The remaining four inscriptions: 'To Virtue only & her friends a Friend'

Professor Rudd has traced the origin of this line. Edward Phelps senior apparently borrowed it from Pope, *Imitations of Horace Satires*, II.i.121. Pope's next line reads: 'The World beside may murmur, or commend.'

(p.422) Text of 'They tell me 'tis my Birth-day'

Lines 3 and 4 were also borrowed from Pope, in this case from *Imitations of Horace Epist.* II.ii.72-73: 'Years foll'wing Years, steal something ev'ry day, / At last they steal us from our selves away;'

I. I should like to thank Professor W. J. N. Rudd and Mr. John Sparrow, OBE, for their very helpful suggestions, which I greatly appreciated receiving. I am obliged also to the Editorial Committee for reprinting a set of improved plates to the original text with Part 322.

University of Bristol

JONATHAN MUSGRAVE

QUERIES

JOHN FULLER, VICAR OF CREWKERNE (*SDNQ*, XIX, 260). Subscriber, Mrs. Sonia Marsh of 15 Grove Avenue, Muswell Hill, London N10, whose husband is directly descended from this clergyman through his daughter, Mary, refers back to the above (unanswered) query. This had suggested that there must have been *two* incumbents of this name, on the basis that the register had been signed by 'John Fuller' between 1558 and 1650. Given the correctness of this statement and the fact that one John Fuller, Minister, had children there from 1595, Mrs. Marsh wonders if there ought not to have been a *third*.

In fact, the simple answer is that there was only one: the original writer had based her suggestion on a misunderstanding of the original record. The problem was and is that there are no entries for the institution of Vicars at Crewkerne in the Bishops' Registers, as no vicarage was ever ordained there, and the writer had to rely on the parish register. Instead of a Vicar,

there were one or sometimes two Ministers appointed and reliable information will be found in the diocesan 'consignation books' (SRO ref. D/D/Vc). These show that John Fuller was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester in 1588 and was licensed to serve the cure at Crewkerne in 1595. They also confirm that the same individual continued to be minister there until his death and burial on 14 Sept. 1642. It is true that he signed the register page by page from 1558, but the register was the parchment copy which he had or had had copied out in Sept. 1598 from the original paper register and his signature and those of his fellow minister and the two churchwardens were certifying to this effect as the law required.

The Rev. John raised a family at Crewkerne, including a son John (b. 1597) who married in 1619 and had two daughters baptised there, but there is no evidence that he also was a clergyman and nothing to suggest that he served alongside or in succession to his father. The latter, in fact, signed the register throughout his ministry, generally alone, and by 1646 a Jacob Tomkins was signing similarly.

Som. Ed.

MANSFIELD FAMILY (*SDNQ*, XXI, 257). In 1935 a B. Mansfield enquired about a Joseph M., born 1762-3 in Somerset (acc. to 1851 census), who married Mary [—] before 1792. No reply was ever received to this query and there is no entry to baptism or marriage in Dr. Campbell's index in SRO, which covers a broad band of parishes from Crewkerne/Martock westwards to Exmoor.

Tony Mansfield of 118 Burnt Hill Road, Lower Bourne, Farnham, gt. x 3 grandson of Joseph and Mary, is still seeking evidence of these events, but has kindly supplied information from family Bible entries and his own researches. Joseph was born 4 May 1762 and from 1792 to his death in Oct. 1853 lived at Uplyme. His wife died in 1837 and they are buried immediately to the right of the path on entering the churchyard. They had 10 children, 4 born between 1784 and 1791 elsewhere and 6 between 1792 and 1805 at Uplyme. Of the latter, John (1794-1854) was a shipbuilder, Joseph (1797-1874) a timber dealer and Joel (1802-45) a machine maker.

Som. Ed.

GILLARD FAMILY. Robert Newberry, son of John N. and Joan Channing, married Betty Gillard on 8 April 1778 at Curry Rivel, with Robert G. and Henry Worthy as witnesses. The residence of both is given as Curry Rivel and no parents are listed for either party. A baptism of an Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth Gillard, has been found at Martock on 4 Feb. 1759 and our subscriber, Alger C. Newberry of 22821 Stair Drive, Mount Clemens, MI 48043, U.S.A. asks how he can be certain that this is the right Betty and would appreciate any information to confirm or deny this assumption.

Som. Ed.

WOODCUT ENGRAVINGS by Wm. Barnes. Any information concerning the use of Barnes's woodcuts, especially since the early 1950s, in any publication, or by any Printer, required by Dr. Alan Chedzoy, 74 Spa Rd., Radipole, Weymouth.

BOOK REVIEWS

W. Macdonald Wigfield, *The Monmouth Rebels 1685* (Som. Rec. Soc., 1985. Pp. xxiii + 225. Available to non-members from the Hon. Sec. c/o The Castle, Taunton). This is the latest book to appear on that 'most written over insurrection in English history' and arguably it should have been the first; but no-one before Macdonald Wigfield had the now obvious idea of attempting to re-constitute Monmouth's army. He has worked for many years through various incomplete and overlapping lists in both central and local sources, which he describes in his introduction, and has come up with some 4,000 names, for whom he has assembled such further information as has come to light on age, occupation, address and fate. Appendices list those excepted from the General Pardon of 1686, most of whom (but not necessarily all) were implicated in the Rising, and also the purchasers of transported rebels in Barbados. Robert Dunning, the Society's General Editor, has seen the volume through the press and has added a useful index by places of those West Country rebels who can be so identified.

It is always possible to add to a pioneer compilation of this sort (Robin Clifton's *Last Popular Rebellion*, for example, suggests a few names not given here) and, conversely, some names are included on apparently slender grounds. The introduction might have explained the criteria for the selection of excepted names from the Pardon, and familiarity with his subject has perhaps led Mr. Wigfield to condense the reference to the Dorchester pleadings so as to leave them inadequately

explained. But these quibbles apart, after years of speculation we now have a firm figure for the size of the rebel army and, more importantly, future researchers will acknowledge that here they have a basic tool readily available, not only to the background of the rebellion itself, but also to wider social studies of the period and region.

D.M.M.S.

Michael McGarvie, *Marston House* (Foster Yeoman Ltd., 1985. Pp. 28, illus. £2.00, from The Frome Society, 8 Bath St., Frome). This is a revised and slightly extended edition of a paper published in the *Proceedings* of the Som. Arch. Soc. in 1974, re-issued now by the Company responsible for the house's restoration. In it Mr. McGarvie carefully investigates the origins of Marston House (which he assigns to the early part of the 17th cent.) and unravels its subsequent, complicated, architectural history during the long ownership by the Earls of Cork and Orrery, whom he aptly describes as 'indefatigable builders'. The house has been largely ignored by previous writers who, he suggests, have accepted Collinson's 'modern construction' uncritically. The present corrective, therefore, is welcome, but Mr. McGarvie has made things complicated for himself by misreading Collinson.

The booklet is well illustrated and the frontispiece nicely sums up three centuries of development, but a composite ground plan would have been a worthwhile and timely addition.

D.M.M.S.

G. Court, etc., *Four Men of Somerset* (n.d., 1985. Pp. 44, illus. £1.20, £1.40 incl. p. + p., from Hill Head House, Washford, TA23 0NH) Four W. Somerset local historians have joined forces to publish these brief, but sympathetic, biographies of four 'originals' — the word Glyn Court applies to his subject. In the longest (at 16pp.) and most rounded of these portraits, he writes with justifiable pride of his ancestor, George Grinslade, shoemaker and staunch Methodist of Watchet, who bequeathed to his descendants not only his recollections of his early life but tangible evidence also of his inventive talents. Harry Armstrong and Margaret Freeman-Archer have also chosen to write of characters equally firmly rooted in W. Somerset. The former's life of the 17th cent. parish dog whipper at Williton draws somewhat on imagination, but the latter has more solid sources for her portrait of the long serving Rector of Exford, Joseph Relph, who was responsible for drawing that remote parish into the modern world of the 19th cent. Only John Ridler's subject, Richard Locke, would have been at all widely known in his day and is best remembered now as local historian, land surveyor and

advocate of the drainage and enclosure of the moorlands. Mr. Ridler writes of all these and adds his success as a farmer in his own right, his philanthropy and his friendship with John Wesley.

D.M.M.S.

Hereward Davies, *Channel Crossing* (Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd., Ilfracombe, 1985. Pp. 116, £6.60). The Channel is the English Channel and the crossing was made by Aaron Manby (for whom see *D.N.B.*), a Midlands ironmaster and engineer, who, with his partner Daniel Wilson, established separate, but associated, Gas and Engineering Companies near Paris and in the same year was the eponymous builder of the first iron steamship to put to sea. The book tells in turn the stories of both companies: the shortlived engineering enterprise which lasted only to 1833, but which initially had attracted an English colony of 640; and the more enduring gas company, which carried the Manby name to 1855. It concludes with chapters on the later Manbys and Wilsons, of whom Daniel Wilson junior had an eventful political career in the French Republic after 1871.

In between lies the Somerset connection through Aaron's elder brother, Joseph, who in 1837 laid some claim to an earlier association with the late Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father. The author suggests that the claim was through an illegitimate son of the Duke by Elizabeth Harwood, whom Joseph married when pregnant. The son, Edward, was then placed, he claims, with a Harwood relative and lived at various times under the Harwood name in Frome, Burnham, Taunton and Bath. There seems to be some mystery about the family's wealth and military connections, but with no hard evidence produced, the royal link is no more than speculative.

D.M.M.S.

L. S. Colchester, David Tudway Quilter and Alan Quilter, *Wells Cathedral School* (Clare Son & Co. Ltd., Wells, 1985. Pp. 164, illus. £12.50 from the School Bursar). A public school's history, like its fund raising, will appeal primarily to a readership of present and past parents and old pupils. On that basis, this work should be assured of success, for the number of all three categories has grown impressively in recent years. All, too, will welcome the third of the three equal sections into which this book is divided, in which Alan Quilter, Headmaster since 1964, charts the school's developments and achievements in that period, for much of which he must be given the credit.

But this is only part of the story: the book is given a broader base by the contributions of two others, equally devoted to the school. In the first section, Linzee Colchester, uniquely

qualified from a 50 year association with the school (as a master) and the Cathedral (as its honorary archivist), makes good use of the latter's archives to write the history of the school to 1964, which with only slight, but pardonable, exaggeration he entitles, 'The First Thousand Years'. Certainly, he can trace back its origins to two schools — a grammar school under the Chancellor and a choristers' school under the Precentor (which merged in the mid 16th cent.) — both of which were in existence by 1135.

By the late 19th cent., when numbers dropped one year to 3 boys and 14 choristers, few would have given the school much chance of survival and no-one would have suggested a present roll of near 700 boys and girls. Central to this resurgence was the Chapter's acquisition, by lease in 1925 and purchase in 1967, of The Cedars, an 18th cent. mansion in Wells, which remains the heart of the school. The final, central, section of the book contains the history of this house and the Tudway family which built it and lived there for 200 years by David Tudway Quilter (no relation of the Head), the last of the family to own the house and himself a Governor of the school and Chairman of its Finance Committee.

The book has been beautifully produced and is a joy to read; its many illustrations are both clear and appropriately sited in the text. Perhaps when the next edition is printed, the lacuna on p.145 can be sorted out and a plan provided of the many sites and buildings mentioned for the benefit of wellwishers outside the three categories first above mentioned.

D.M.M.S.

F. P. Pitfield, *Purbeck Parish Churches*, (Dorset Publishing Co., Sherborne, 1985. Pp. 112, 2 maps, illus. £9.95). Of all the books published on Dorset during this year, this book is probably one of the most attractive in style and presentation. The author, an architect, is a fine draughtsman, who has, carefully and lovingly recreated in pen and ink drawings the church buildings of the Purbecks as they appear today.

After a short and very helpful introduction, the author deals with the chronological development of each of the twenty-eight Purbeck church buildings. Detailed drawings of some of the more interesting architectural features are included, and prints and photographs from earlier periods have been added to the text so that one can easily visualise the appearance of each church before any nineteenth-century restoration or re-building. The result is a concise pictorial recreation of each church over a period of time. The full page drawings made by the author are beautifully reproduced, and add considerably to the attraction of the book. In addition, a very well balanced supporting text has been compiled, and the

author is to be congratulated on his clear and helpful descriptions. The third edition of Hutchins, includes much architectural detail about Dorset parish churches, but this is not exhaustive, nor does it include information beyond about 1860. Seven Purbeck churches were built after Hutchins' time, and some sixteen were extensively re-built. As Pitfield observes: 'very few churches escaped restoration of some sort, ranging from the sympathetic, in which most of the old architectural features were retained to complete rebuilding.' This work extends into the twentieth century, and the author has a number of very interesting observations to make about the sometimes extensive re-designing and alterations which the Victorian builders carried out. Providing as it does a new and updated compilation of churches within this region, this book certainly supplements Hutchins, and deserves to be added to those few well-informed works available on church architecture in Dorset.

G.J.D.

A. Chedzoy, *William Barnes: A Life of the Dorset Poet* (The Dovecote Press, 1985. Pp.192, illus. £8.95.) Between 1844 and 1862, William Barnes published three volumes of poetry in the Dorset dialect. He was, in Dr. Chedzoy's opinion, 'the authentic village voice of English poetry.' Barnes was attempting to show that village speech was derived from Saxon origins — as distinct from the Latin root of most 'genteel' speech — and that in its purity it deserved to be studied and recorded. The author has here set out to record the life and work of William Barnes, using the poetry as biographical evidence. The text — eminently readable — has therefore been enlivened with passages of poetry, sometimes quoted at length.

Barnes's life is full of interest. From humble beginnings, and little formal schooling, he became an internationally acknowledged scholar, a philologist, a linguist capable of mastering the elements of a new language in a matter of weeks, an engraver, and a teacher who showed considerable skill in the sciences. One cannot fail to be impressed with his breadth of interests and scholarship, yet he spent all his life in rural communities with little or no wider contact. Sympathetically, and with skilled insight, the author outlines the course of the poet's life, and traces the development of his poetry and some of his prose work.

This is a sympathetic portrayal of a Victorian scholar and eccentric, but the author has gone further than simply recording his life and work. There is a genuine concern here for the subject, and Alan Chedzoy shows a sensitive understanding of the endeavours, disappointments, and fragile joys of this lonely scholar's life.

G.J.D.

N.B.—*All replies to advertisements to be sent to
the named addressees*

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